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The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXV

AUGUST, 1899

No. 866

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A **Repentance: A Drama in one act** by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). Complete in this number.

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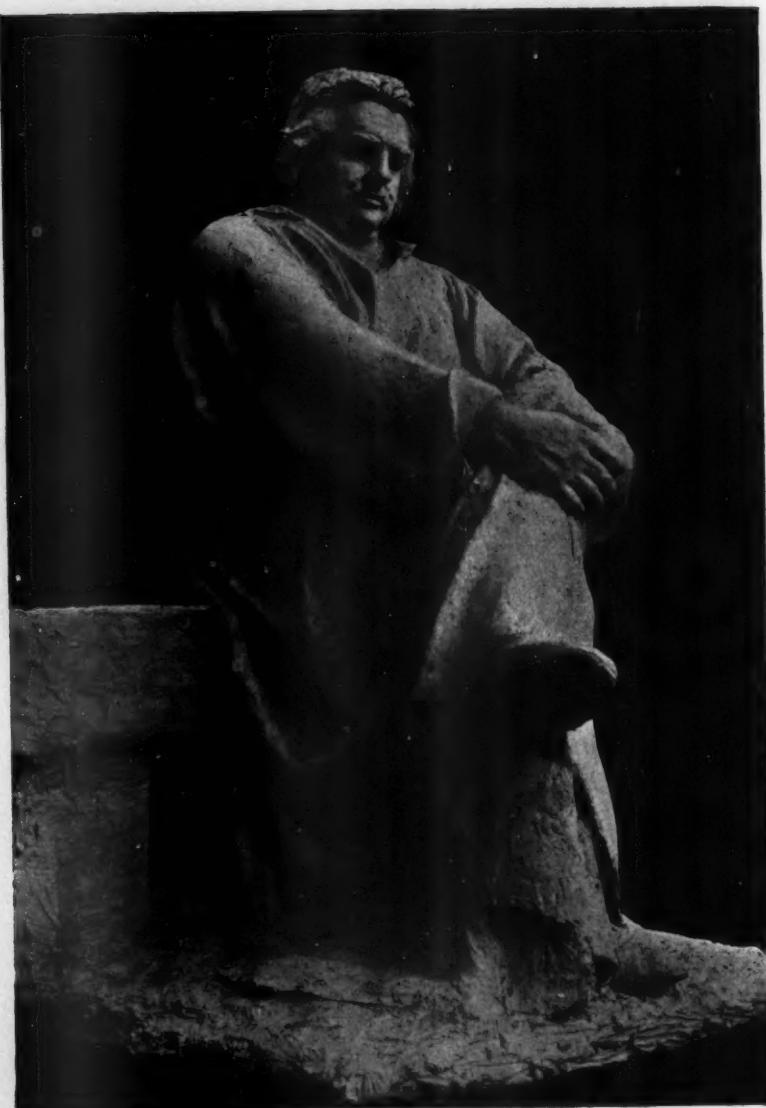
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HONORÉ DE BALZAC
Photograph from the Statue by M. Falguière



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An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXV
Old Series

AUGUST, 1899

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The Lounger

A READER OF THE CRITIC has called my attention to the following lines in Mr. Austin Dobson's "The Story of Rosina" as very suggestive of Mr. Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." Of course there is no imitation implied, but it is plain that both poets regard the subject from much the same point of view.

" And far afield were sun-baked savage creatures,
Female and male, that tilled the earth and wrung
Want from the soil;—lean things with livid features,
Shape of bent man, and voice that never sung:
These were the Ants, for yet to Jacques Bonhomme
Tumbrils were not, nor sound of any drum."



The following item is interesting to Americans because Mr. Farjeon and his sister are the grand-children of Mr. Joseph Jefferson:

" Mr. Harry Farjeon, whose two-act opera, 'Floretta,' will be performed at the end of this term by the Royal Academy students, is a son of the novelist, and was born in May, 1878. He entered the Royal Academy in January, 1895, and is now the Goring Thomas scholar, an exhibition founded in 1892 for the benefit of students displaying exceptional ability in lyrical composition. Mr. Farjeon's principal instructor is Mr. Battison Haynes. Several of his songs and a ballet suite for strings have already been publicly performed. Miss Farjeon, who has written the libretto of 'Floretta,' is the young composer's sister."



I have received from Mr. Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Shop a volume of "Ballads of a Book-Worm," by the late Irving Browne. Mr. Browne was a valued contributor to THE CRITIC from its earliest days. Some of his most dainty ballads appeared in its columns. I am therefore particularly pleased to find his verses brought together in such a beautiful form as has been done by the Roycrofters. Every initial letter in the book is hand-drawn and colored, and the whole is as handsome as any example of the book-making of the East Aurora Shop. Only eight hundred and fifty copies of this edition are printed, each one signed.

Mrs. Ella Higginson's name has become familiar through her two books of short stories, "The Flower that Grew in the Sand" and "The Forest Orchid," and more recently by a volume of poems, "When the Birds Go North." These books have been popularly received by the public and favorably regarded by the critics. Their writer is a young woman. Her first work was as an infrequent contributor of poems to various publications. Her gift of story-writing



MRS. ELLA HIGGINSON

seems to have sought expression only in the past few years; it was so spontaneous and of such simplicity that it won immediate recognition. Mrs. Higginson's maiden name was Rhoades. She was born some thirty years ago in Council Grove, Kansas, in the Neosho Valley. Her parents moved to Oregon in her childhood, where she learned the drug business in her father's store. She was fond of outdoor sports, and the woods were a continual and ever-fresh attraction to her. This is apparent in her books, for her intimate association with Nature is one of the charms of her writing. She is described as of fragile appearance; light brown hair, grayish-blue eyes, and strong features. Her manner is frank, but rather reserved. Her husband is an Eastern man, though since their marriage they have lived on Puget Sound.

Mrs. Kate Chopin, whose portrait is here given, was born in St. Louis in the early fifties. Her father was Thomas O'Flaherty, an Irish gentleman of prominence and wealth, who died when she was but a few years old. Her mother was the daughter of Wilson Faris of Virginia and Athenaise Charleville, whose ancestors were among the founders of St. Louis and old Kaskaskia. Mrs. Chopin was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent. She was an indifferent student with a mis-



MRS. KATE CHOPIN

taken belief that she possessed musical talent. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. Oscar Chopin, a native of Louisiana, and lived during her married life in New Orleans and Natchitoches. After Mr. Chopin's death she returned to St. Louis in 1885 with her children, and has lived there ever since. She never had an inclination to write until the year 1889. Her first effort was a novel of Louisiana life called "At Fault." It was published in St. Louis in 1891 and had a local success. Her first short story, "A No-Account Creole," was published in *The Century*. "Bayou Folk," a volume of Creole tales, was published in 1894 by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. "A Night in Acadie" followed in 1897. Mrs. Chopin is said to avoid the society of literary and "bookish" people. She does not like to talk about her work. She writes seldom, but with great rapidity and little or no correction.

That eminent Shakespearian, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, has been something of a traveller in his day, but of late years his labors in connection with the Variorum Edition of the plays have been such that maps and time-tables and travel-routes have been spread before him in vain. His spacious fireproof library just outside of Philadelphia has had charms for him that nothing could offset; and save for an occasional few weeks of tarpon-fishing off Florida, he has delved cheer-



MR. SEUMAS MACMANUS *

fully in his books for many hours a day. It is nothing unusual for the hour to strike twice or even thrice after midnight, before he lays aside the pen; yet it is his practice to breakfast with the family. Absolute health and strength, inherited from a father who lived to be ninety-four, enable him to go without exercise or outdoor air, and to get along with a beggarly allowance of sleep.

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One of the scholar's sons, whose hobby is hobnobbing with the Head-Hunters of Borneo, tried to persuade his father to visit his island friends with him this summer, and it is just possible he would have succeeded had not an excellent reason for resisting the temptation

* See page 732.

turned up opportunely. This was an invitation from Cambridge University to come to England and receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Such a compliment was no new thing to a man who had already been doctored by Halle, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Harvard; but it was a compliment none the less, and a great one, and the Doctor appreciated it; so his sister, Mrs. A. L. Wister,



the well-known translator of German fiction, had little difficulty in persuading him to go abroad with her. Dr. Furness was present in Cambridge on Tuesday, June 13th, appropriately gowned, and received his degree from that ancient seat of learning whose name is associated most closely with the standard text of the poet to whose service his life has been devoted. The Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, not only praised, in choice Latin, the American scholar's edition of the master dramatist, but pleased him still more by an appreciative allusion to the scholar's father—the distinguished Unitarian minister and abolitionist, who preached at ninety with a fervor that younger men might well have envied.



Messrs. Harper & Brothers have settled the preliminary plans for their new encyclopædia, which is to be considerably larger than any similar publication. It is to be called "The Harper-McClure Encyclopædia," and is the first fruit of the Harper-McClure alliance.

The initial volume of *The Anglo-Saxon Review* is a thing of beauty, and should be a joy forever. In outward appearance it is all that its publisher, Mr. John Lane, claimed that it would be. Nothing more sumptuous in the way of a periodical has ever before appeared, so far as my knowledge goes. As to the letterpress, it is excellent, of the first order, but no better than one would find in the leading reviews and high-class magazines—the reason for this being that the contributors are the same that one finds in the leading reviews and magazines of England and America. The similarity between the first number of *The Anglo-Saxon Review* and *The Yellow Book* is remarked by the English papers. The first volume of *The Yellow Book* had a story by Mr. Henry James and a play by John Oliver Hobbes, but here, it seems to me, the similarity ends, unless every magazine can be said to be like every other magazine. That two of the same writers appear in each first volume does not necessarily mean imitation. *The Anglo-Saxon Review* is a much handsomer volume than *The Yellow Book*, and much more expensive. The cost of the latter was \$1.50, and the former calls for \$6. The cover of *The Yellow Book* was yellow, as its title implied, and each volume had a new design by Aubrey Beardsley. *The Anglo-Saxon Review* is bound in green leather, and has a reproduction of an elaborate seventeenth-century design on its outside cover. In shape it is oblong; *The Yellow Book* was square. In her introduction, the editor, Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill, reminds us of the ephemeral nature of modern periodicals: "The newspapers of to-day light the fires of to-morrow." Such a fate will never befall *The Anglo-Saxon Review*. It will not only not light the fires of to-morrow, but I doubt if the veriest Philistine would light the fires of a hundred years hence with so gorgeous a book. Among the contributors to the first number of this *Review* are Mr. Henry James, Miss Elizabeth Robins, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the Earl of Rosebery, John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), Gilbert Parker, A. C. Swinburne, and the Duchess of Devonshire. Including the editor, six of the contributors are Americans—those good Americans who before they die live in London. Anything that is done well is well worth doing, and *The Anglo-Saxon Review* is certainly done well. Only one thousand copies are apportioned to the United States. Only one thousand copies of a six-dollar review for a country with seventy million inhabitants—mostly millionaires!



Mr. Charles Welch, of 67½ Wyman Street, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., writes me to say that he would be very grateful to anybody who will send him old nursery rhymes and jingles and descriptions of different kinds of children's playing-games with which they may be familiar, especially those known to be local or distinctly American. He is preparing a book on the subject which will show how far America has gone in the way of evolving a national nursery literature of its own.

It has been suggested to me that much might be gained by reading the verses in Mr. Stephen Crane's volume, "War is Kind" (F. A. Stokes Co.), from bottom to top as well as, or instead of, from top to bottom. Take the lines on page 28 and submit them to this process as I have done, and you will see that nothing is lost. (This might be done with Mr. Will Bradley's illustrations.) Will the reader please say which of the following is right-side up without referring to the book:

" Fast rode the knight
 With spurs, hot and reeking,
 Ever waving an eager sword,
 ' To save my lady!'
 Fast rode the knight,
 And leaped from saddle to war.
 Men of steel flickered and
 gleamed
 Like riot of silver lights,
 And the gold of the knight's
 good banner
 Still waved on a castle wall.
 A horse,
 Blowing, staggering, bloody
 thing,
 Forgotten at foot of castle wall.
 A horse
 Dead at foot of castle wall."

" Dead at foot of castle wall.
 A horse
 Forgotten at foot of castle wall.
 Blowing, staggering, bloody
 thing,
 A horse.
 Still waved on a castle wall.
 And the gold of the knight's
 good banner
 Like riot of silver lights,
 Men of steel flickered and
 gleamed
 And leaped from saddle to war.
 Fast rode the knight,
 ' To save my lady!'
 Ever waving an eager sword,
 With spurs, hot and reeking,
 Fast rode the knight."

The lines which give the book its title have something in them, though it may not all be poetry.



The August Scribner has a cover design in color by Maxfield Parish, and it has stories illustrated in color with the color-printing running through the text. For a wonder this color-printing was done in America and not in France, though it is good enough to have been done there.



Captain Davis Dalton, the champion long-distance swimmer of the world, was well known to the prominent merchants and Wall Street men of New York long before he wrote his book "How to Swim." For several years he has been Chief Inspector of the United States Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, an organization which has attracted wide interest among the most intelligent citizens of New York. The organization is supported partly by the State, partly by private subscription. Its function is to establish life-saving stations at dangerous points, not only upon the seacoast, but also upon the shores of inland waters. He finds some person of executive ability and influence for captain of the station. As soon as the new men are ready to use life-saving apparatus it is sent to them free of cost, but they are responsible to the Corps for its safe-keeping. Captain Dalton says that his aim in life is to have instruction in swimming included in the curriculum of every public school in America. He is, by the way, the only man living who has swum across the English Channel.

A correspondent in Vicksburg, Mississippi, writes me that Mr. George W. Cable has recently visited Hazlehurst in that State, which he made the starting-point for a horseback ride through Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, and Claiborne counties, where the plot of his forthcoming book, "The Cavalier," is laid. Mr. Cable says that while the scene is laid in these counties, it would be impossible for readers of the book, however at home in those parts, to locate any particular point to which reference is made.



Courtesy of

The Magazine of Art.

THOMAS CARLYLE

From the Water-Color Drawing by Mrs. Allingham, R. W. S.

Mrs. Allingham, whose portrait of Carlyle is here printed, was the wife of William Allingham, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and a prose writer and poet well known in England, though not so well known here. The first seven years of her married life Mrs. Allingham lived and worked in Chelsea, and there it was that she met Carlyle and painted this portrait of him, which until published in the July number of *The Magazine of Art* was never before made public. Although a water-colorist of distinction, Mrs. Allingham has long been a popular illustrator. Her early work is very much like that of Fred Walker, the "Little Billee" of Du Maurier's "Trilby," but the manner of her later work is all her own.

The history of Rembrandt's picture, "The Polish Rider," suggests that there may even yet be many a masterpiece hidden away in old castles in out-of-the-way parts of Europe. Dr. Bode, whose magnificent "Life of Rembrandt" is now approaching completion, heard of the picture, but was unable to visit the old Galician castle in which it was preserved. But happening to meet with Professor Bredius in St.



Courtesy of

The Berlin Photo. Co.

THE POLISH RIDER
From the Painting by Rembrandt.

Petersburg, and learning that the latter was about to visit Krakow, he prevailed upon him to try to see Count Tarnowsky's collection, of which "The Polish Rider" formed part. The castle dates from the first half of the seventeenth century, and the collection, Professor Bredius found, contained, among a good deal of rubbish, a genuine Lucas van Leyden, a good Teniers, and a small portrait by Albert Cuyp. The Rembrandt is probably 3 x 4 feet. It is a portrait of a Polish nobleman, probably a Prince Poniatowski, as the picture has been among the heirlooms of that family. The horseman wears a yellow riding-coat with red trousers and brownish-yellow boots. His sword is fastened by a silver belt, and he carries a small battle-axe, a bow and arrows. The horse is white. In the fantastical landscape back of him are shadowy cupolas and indications of other buildings, and the light is that of the setting sun.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons object, and reasonably, to having the volumes of Mr. Kipling's works bound up by them described by him as an "egregious padded fake." They also object to the statement in his letter to *The Author* that they could have made a settlement with him between March 13th and April 22d. To this they reply with an extract from a letter written by Mr. Kipling's lawyer dated March 31st in which he says: "I have had an interview with Mrs. Kipling and find that she is extremely reasonable, although righteously indignant over the appropriation of Mr. Kipling's property by your clients. I am authorized to say that no settlement can be made, nor is there any use in discussing the question of settlement, excepting on a basis of reasonable but substantial damages to be



Courtesy of

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

MME. FLEURY AS OPHELIA*
(1769)

paid to Mr. Kipling for the injury done him." To this Messrs. Putnam's lawyer replied on April 4th, suggesting arbitration and concluding: "We do not care to limit our concessions to Mr. Kipling's claims to a strictly legal one, and are quite willing to have the case considered from the broadest possible view of fair dealing between authors and booksellers." To this there was no response, until the notice of suit, April 22d. To the charge "They have appropriated copyright material for their own uses in their specially prepared index," Messrs. Putnam reply: "The Index was purely and simply a general index to the stories and poems, and an index of the first lines of poems. We do not think it has ever before been claimed that the printing of titles in this way constituted an infringement of copyright." This contention, which is a very novel one, raises a question of particular interest to bibliographers.

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*See page 741.

Mr. Paul E. Stevenson, author of "A Deep-Water Voyage" and "By Way of Cape Horn," both published by the Lippincotts, was born and brought up in New York City. Early in life he developed a great love for the sea (an inheritance no doubt from his maternal ancestors, one of whom was a captain in the British navy and another in the East India Company), and attained considerable prominence as a yachtsman, his cutter *Thetis* being well-known in such comparatively un frequented and more or less dangerous cruising-grounds as the Bay of Fundy and other Nova Scotian waters. The fondness for deep-water sailing was too strong for such inland seas though, and in 1894 he and his wife made a voyage, as the only passengers, in the British sailing-ship *Mandalore* to Calcutta round Good Hope. They spent the "cold" season knocking about Calcutta and Northwestern India; and, not long after their return to New York, they left this port in an American sailing vessel for San Francisco, doubling Cape Horn in midwinter. It was during the latter voyage that Mr. Stevenson had an excellent opportunity for observing the villainous treatment accorded American foremast men, which he has laid before the public in grawsome detail in "By Way of Cape Horn." It is Mr. Stevenson's intention to enter the field of imaginative writing concerning the sea—a field which, with his minute acquaintance with ships and those who man them, ought to prove particularly attractive to the author and entertaining to the reader, as sea stories seem to be on the top of the wave just now, with Bullen, Slocum, Hamblen, and Morgan Robertson spinning their nautical yarns.



Courtesy of

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE PLAYERS SCENE IN "HAMLET" *
(1857)

* See page 741.

The Macmillan Co. sends out an amusing literary note to illustrate that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country; the prophet in this instance being Mr. Winston Churchill, and St. Louis his country.

It is said that of his new novel, "Richard Carvel," fewer copies have been sold in St. Louis than in any other large city. Up to the time of writing, his book has reached a sale of over twenty thousand copies, and as Mr. Churchill is well-off and is not obliged to write for his bread and butter, he can afford the luxury of being snubbed by his native town.

I have these interesting particulars from one who knows him well:

"Mr. Winston Churchill was educated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis,—hence his taste for naval scenes and his strength and accuracy in them. He came to *The Cosmopolitan* and helped Mr. Walker get out that publication for a year or so. While working at Irvington he married a young lady of wealth, hailing from his native city, St. Louis, and thereafter was not obliged to do office



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

work or be bound by the limitations of a salaried life. He was ambitious to write stories, and had, mixed up with the longing for authorship, a commendable quality of common sense which told him hard and systematic work was necessary to do anything much worth the doing. This has been the secret of his success. Though a handsome, spirited young fellow, with plenty of *savoir vivre* and a good taste for the refinements and enjoyments of existence, he has buckled down to the drudgery of authorship with a right good-will. For instance, while he and his wife were living in St. Louis after leaving *The Cosmopolitan*, he, like Anthony Hope, hired an office in an office building, and went down to it and ground away as regularly each day as if he had had a set of books to keep instead of a novel to write. He went to Virginia and Maryland and studied up the country and the antiquarian records available with considerable thoroughness before tackling 'Richard Carvel.' In short, he has no taste for posing as a brilliant young author throwing off clever things whether he wants to or not; he is a painstaking, conscientious,

healthy-minded young gentleman, with a good idea of the dramatic, who wanted to make a name for himself as a writer, and is making it. He, his wife, and their little child are rather nomadic in their habits, so far as his friends may judge from the variation in post-office addresses, but they have now bought a farm on the upper reaches of the Connecticut River, and declare that they are going to stay on it."

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Few persons now alive have passed through such romantic experiences as those undergone by Mr. Charles Neufeld, whose book, "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa," will be published here next month by G. P. Putnam's Sons and by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in England. Mr. Neufeld is one of the three Europeans who were conspicuous captives of Mohammed Ahmed, the prophet of the island of Abba, who, under the title of Mahdi, collected a horde of Arabs, proclaimed a holy war, overran the Sudan, annihilated the Egyptian expedition of 10,000 men under General Hicks, captured Khartoum, killed General Gordon, and established at Omdurman, across the Nile from Khartoum, a government that lasted, under himself and his successor Abdullahi, for sixteen years. During those sixteen years the Sudan was closed to Europeans. Neufeld was present in Omdurman when the retribution of the English and Egyptian Governments fell upon the Khaleefa. His account of the occurrences in the capital of the dervishes after Slatin's escape fills out dramatically the story of the brief reign of Mahdiism.

29

Apropos of the Balzac Centenary celebration it seems that Paris is a little mixed as to the date of the author's birth. The *Matin* gives the date as the 27th of Floréal, in our reckoning the 16th of May, as Floréal began on April 20th and ended May 19th. *Le Gaulois* goes the *Matin* one better, for after giving Balzac's birth certificate in full, which fixes the birth as occurring on the 1st of Prairial, 1798, it says he entered the College of Vendôme on the 22d of June (4th of Messidor), 1807, aged eight years and five months, which would throw the natal day earlier. The "Century Cyclopædia" agrees with the birth certificate in its date.



From the N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.

MR. BRONSON HOWARD
as Mr. Fornaro sees him.

The editor of *Le Gaulois* became a little curious as to the motives which governed the several sculptors of the Balzac statues in selecting the pose best adapted to their subject, so he sent a reporter to interview the artists. The reporter could find but two, and unfortunately Rodin was not one of them. But the confessions of the twain are interesting. M. Falguière, whose conception forms the frontispiece of this issue, hesitated before replying, but finally declared that it was difficult to express a long-drawn sequence of thought in words, and that he had completed no less than seven studies of Balzac before arriving at his

From *Le Matin*

M. GÉRÔME'S IDEA OF A BALZAC STATUE

final idea. Yet one idea had prevailed with him throughout his work—to avoid making an "Olympian" of Balzac, or even a man austere great. His notion was of Balzac as a thinker *pur et simple*, always in an attitude of perfect calm and reflection, the attitude in which he exhibited himself in his books. "But," said M. Falguière, "I cannot express my complete idea in words." M. de Vasselot was particularly careful to impress on the reporter that he held the distinction of being the first of the "Balzaciens." "It was by pure accident, I confess," said he, "that in 1868 I made a bust of the great writer. Since then I have modelled him a dozen different times, *but I was distinctly the first.*" Being asked why he had represented Balzac as a sphinx, he said: "My idea is that it is not wise to incorporate legs and arms in a statue of a man like Balzac, especially when these limbs are so wanting in symmetry. The only thing which can interest posterity is the mask, that marvellous face illuminated from within by those dark,

deep eyes. For Balzac was a great seer, and to show the real Balzac it is enough to perpetuate his face alone."

Mr. Waldron Kintzing Post, whose "Harvard Stories" delighted not only all graduates of Harvard but also a good many thousands of other readers, and, moreover, set the fashion for tales of college life, has written a sea-story dealing with the War of 1812 and events immediately following that epoch. Among the characters are Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, and David Farragut, then a "middy." In one chapter



From *Le Matin*

A BALZAC STATUE UP TO DATE

Mr. Post describes the engagement between the *Chesapeake* and the *Hornet*; in another, the brave fight of the *Essex* against her treacherous opponents. The characters are both American and English. The hero is an officer in the American navy, and the book is called after him, "Smith Brunt, U.S.N."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in hand an illustrated history of New York from the earliest times. Special writers are to contribute the articles, and special sources are being drawn upon for their illustration. By New York is here meant Greater New York.

A Song of the Nebraska Cattle-Country

We ride out into the morning wind,
We go along swinging and singing;
Saddles are strong and cinches tight,
And hoofs on the prairie ringing.
They say that the sheen of the grass is old,
That the soul is a crop of the prairie-mould,
That the law is stronger than love—and cold—
Who, then, is the God of God ?

We will worship the God of their legal God,
Of the meadow-lark wheeling and reeling,
Of the wanton wind and the wayward brush,
And the lawless wolf a-stealing.
We 're the lawless sons of the Lord of law,
We quit the trail and cross the draw;
And we 'll build a town where the sun goes down—
To the Lord of the Sabbath-day.

We will build a town on a table-land,
With wind-mills whirling and swirling,
And wells that are deep as the fountains of sleep,
And breeze-swept grass a-purling.
We 'll build us a town where the sods are tough,
A-shingled with mud and sapling-stuff;
And establish a Court and Cathedral there—
To the God of the Open Air.

The cities of fate are hid behind
In the dust of the golden plain;
We leave the lands of the harnessed hands,
And the dismal lands of rain.
We 're a-westering out to a world of News,
Blithe mutineers that pick and choose;
We mock at the mills and the pressed-brick kilns—
And the gods of Things as they Are.

We mount with the sun in the springing light,
We ride along swinging and singing;
Saddles are strong and cinches tight,
And the prairie-hens a-winging.
We fling in the teeth of the wind a whim
And shout to the bulging horizon-rim,
The song of the miracle-God of might—
The God that Does as He Likes.

CHARLES FERGUSON.

A Repentance*

"Still prompts the celestial sight
For which we wish to live, or dare to die."

An Original Drama in One Act

Produced at the St. James's Theatre, February 28, 1899.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| THE COUNT DES ESCAS | Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER |
| (Disguised as a Friar.) | |
| THE MARQUIS OF MONFERO | Mr. H. B. IRVING |
| (A Carlist Leader.) | |
| CAPTAIN AVION | Mr. ARTHUR ROYSTON |
| (A Carlist.) | |
| CAPTAIN SOBRATO | Mr. ALFRED BROWN |
| (A Christinist.) | |
| THE COUNTESS DES ESCAS | Miss JULIE OPP |
| BIANCA | Miss KATE SARGEANTSON |
| (An Attendant on the Countess.) | |
| FIRST ATTENDANT | Miss HENRIETTA LEVERETT |
| SECOND ATTENDANT | Miss BUCKLEY |
| Soldiers, etc. | |

SCENE.—A Room in the Villa of the Countess des Escas, near Bilbao, in Spain. (*W. Telbin.*) Period, 1835.

SCENE: *A room in the villa of the Countess des Escas. At back of stage three wide steps leading to a door, over which is a large coat-of-arms; the panels are covered with black velvet and immortelles: another door near this. The two divide, but not evenly, the back of stage. On R., a small altar with light set as a sanctuary lamp. On L., lower down, a casement window. Countess is kneeling on a prie-dieu before the altar. BIANCA, the attendant, is watching at the window. It is clear moonlight without. Trumpet calls are heard from time to time; otherwise all is silent.*

* By permission of the London *Academy*. All rights reserved. "A Repentance" will be presented and introduced during the present year in France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Russia. It is an historical study on the construction of which the author has followed the rule introduced first into England by Byron—later by Browning—that you may make a soul's crisis, "which may last but a few moments in time" or tax the whole life. In this short drama, the author has introduced some of the strongest types of character produced by the Carlist question in Spain. Similar types were produced in England in Jacobite times, and, farther back, during the Parliamentary wars. Any reader who is interested in a question dealing with European monarchistic politics, may be referred to Daudet's great novel, "*Les Rois en Exil.*"

Servant enters.

Servant. [Announcing.] Madame, the Marquis of Monfero.

[The MARQUIS enters, a man about forty-five, in a long military cloak; he has a slight imperial and side whiskers; a very pronounced Spanish type. The Servant goes out.

Countess. [A beautiful and young woman dressed in deep widow's mourning. She wears a cross on a chain round her neck. Rising from her knees and giving him her hands.] Ah! At last! What news?

Marquis. [Kissing her hand.] At present all goes well.

Countess. Thank God!

Marquis. Before the sun has twice set we may see the King crowned.

Countess. Don't speak the word. It is too fortunate. I fear to be glad—yet.

Marquis. The signal will be given at twelve to-night, when you hear Sancho and his young men singing under your window—and then—before the morning—we shall gather from every road and march toward the fort. We cannot fail. The fellows there are too well fed and too much bullied to have either stomach or heart for the fight.

Countess. And have they no suspicions? Have you been careful? The least word—the smallest sign is reported instantly at Madrid, and the clue, once given, has never yet been missed. [With much sorrow and emphasis.] There have been twelve generals shot like dogs.

Marquis. Ah! you are tired from over-long watching, and these prayers you pray. . . . [Sees that she feels hurt.] Nay, we would not be without them, but they make you sad. And then, a fight can never happen so often that the sound of guns will cease to remind you of the most gallant soldier who ever fell in King's cause.

Countess. Ah! do not speak of that.

[She glances up at a portrait which juts out from the wall, near the altar, as though it formed a V with some other picture. The face must be plainly seen by the audience. It represents a man of thirty-five, with a military and rather reckless air.

Marquis. It was on such a night as this. . . .

Countess. [In a low voice.] Two years ago. . . .

Marquis. [Glancing at sky through window.] With the moon and the stars like these. . . .

Countess. [To herself.] That he said good-bye to me. . . .

Marquis. And went forth at the head of the finest company . . . but I won't speak of that. Still, if we had a few more such men now. . . .

[*Sighs and checks herself.*

Countess. I shall never understand why justice should seem to so many people—so hard a thing!

Marquis. Ah, dear Madame, while you live and one remembers what you have lost, who would dare to be a coward? Be of good

heart. Did the Count die for nothing? There is the Cause still—there is still the King!

Countess. [Clasping her hands.] It is well said. No great sacrifice was ever made in vain. I always think that—I always tell myself that—when I walk in his room [*she points to the room hung with velvet and immortelles*] and see his uniform, and his swords hanging on the wall, and all his books—for although he was a soldier he loved books.

. . . Ah, Marquis, you always make me go back to these memories when my mind should be fixed on other things. It is true that he died, but he still lives. He will be watching you, perhaps, this very night—he will know now that his death was not folly, that his blood was not poured out merely to swell the river—that great, cruel, hungry river that goes out to the sea. [*She wipes her eyes.*] And when will the attack begin?

Marquis. At twelve. It is now eleven. If you could but sleep. . . .

Countess. Sleep!

Marquis. Ah! pardon me. [*He points to the altar where she had been kneeling.*] If you will fight the powers of darkness there, we shall vanquish them without.

[*Cries are heard from the street, jeers, hoots, and laughter.*]

Countess. [In terror.] Hark! what is that?

Bianca. [From the window.] Oh! Madame, Madame! It is too cruel! They are pelting mud and stones at a friar—a poor old friar. The blasphemers! the dogs! the rabble! Oh, Madame, see—I cannot look!

Countess. [To MARQUIS.] Not you—you would be recognised. [*She rushes to the window and calls out.*] Shame on you! A friar—a holy man! [*Shouts of laughter from without.*] Are you men . . . human? [To MARQUIS.] How strange they are! I don't know their faces. They must be gipsies. [*She calls out again.*] Stop, I say! [To the Maid.] Bring him up here to me. Bring him up. He must be protected. [To MONFERO.] This will show you to what our people have been driven by war and usurpation. They have neither religion left, nor honour left, nor the barest charity. But it is not their fault. You know men by their leaders. [To BIANCA, who is still hesitating.] Did you understand me?

Bianca. Not here, Madame! You do not mean to receive him here? I think he is but a poor lay brother. He will be more easy in the kitchen.

Countess. Here, I said.

[*BIANCA goes out. COUNTESS watches anxiously, and then closes the window.*]

Marquis. You have still great power with these people, Countess; they don't forget your convent and your hospital; but for you that friar would have been old leather by this time.

Countess. Are they not God's poor? Oh, I am not angry—I love them well, but suffering has made them cruel.

Enter BIANCA and two old Maid-servants by door at back of stage, conducting the COUNT DES ESCAS wearing a Dominican habit; his robe is torn; he seems much bent; is covered with mud; the upper part of his face is concealed by the hood. He bows very low on entering, and kisses the COUNTESS'S hand.

Countess. Alas! poor Brother! Pray be seated. That you should have suffered such humiliation!

Friar. Ah, Madame, for what else was I born? Yet I felt it keenly, and I owe my life to your voice.

Countess. And how came you in such a sad plight, Brother?

Friar. Well, Madame, I was, as usual, begging from house to house, when suddenly I found myself attacked, for no reason, by a party of desperadoes.

Countess. Yes . . . yes. . . .

Friar. Perhaps it is right to say that I first accosted them. They were ill-treating a poor cripple. It was a case of eight against one. I ventured to interfere. The cripple, I am happy to say, escaped, but I think I met with rough handling. I dare say a bone or two is broken.

Countess. Poor soul! What barbarians!

Friar. I will be honest, and I will own that, knowing myself old and feeble, I became terrified. Their looks were death to me. They cursed God. They opened their knives. They forced the mud of the streets down my throat. "Spaniards!" said I, "ye are no Spaniards—you are devils!" One struck me many times in the face, saying, "This is a cur of Don Carlos!"

Countess. Ah, poor Brother, and what did you do?

Friar. [Casting down his eyes.] I prayed, Madame. And then, I . . . I . . . [he seems at a loss] remember little more, Madame; I am dazed, I fear. Those hell-hounds [the MARQUIS looks surprised at the expression]—those poor sinners, may God have mercy on their souls!—they pursued me, yelling, hooting, blaspheming [shudders], till you rescued me. Phew! that was an escape! But it shows the power of a woman's voice even over the most depraved.

Countess. [Who has seemed puzzled during this speech.] And what was your destination, Brother?

Friar. My destination, Madame, was Portugalete, a distance from here, I know, but I have been on a begging expedition. My Superior is, no doubt, waiting for me, but, as my arms are broken, or, at least, they feel so . . .

Marquis. [Coming forward.] Will you allow me to examine you?

Friar. You are too good.

Marquis. [Feeling him. Speaking drily.] They may be bruised, but there is a good deal of power there yet.

Friar. Ah, yes, sir, in these days the Church needs muscle.

[COUNTESS gives an order to BIANCA, who goes out, and COUNTESS comes down to FRIAR.]

Countess. You must have some food and rest awhile, and then some of my men shall escort you to Portugalete. But must you leave us to-night? Surely you will accept a lodging?

Friar. I am all gratitude, Madame. I place myself in your hands. But when the street is quiet I must go. My Superior will be anxious. In half an hour's time. . . .

[An old Maidservant enters with a tray of provisions which she places on the table. FRIAR goes over to the table, seats himself before the food, crosses himself before eating, and begins to eat ravenously.]

Countess. [To MARQUIS.] That man is a spy. He has been sent here. We must not let him go. I seem to know him. I have seen him somewhere; I feel certain of it. He is neither so low as he pretends, nor so pious. I cannot believe his story. It is a plot to betray us all. He has been sent here, and, before he can harm us, we must place him under arrest.

Marquis. But we must avoid any disturbance. He can do no mischief if you detain him here till twelve, at all events. . . . Afterwards we can make short work of him.

Countess. I shall trust him with no one, then, except myself. Besides, who knows?—I may find out something from him. He seems a babbler.

Marquis. Yet, on the whole, it would be hard to say what he is—if he is not a friar. He has a fine arm. He may be a gallant—doing penance.

Countess. Did you observe how he avoided our eyes? And how much more youthful his voice is than his back? That's a rascal if I know one. Did you ever hear such a rambling tale?

Marquis. Friars always do tell rambling tales! But, as you say, he can be happy here if he is innocent; and, if he should be a spy, we must not run any risk.

Countess. Do you go and tell Captain Avion to send six men here before twelve.

Marquis. But is it safe to leave you here alone till that time?

Countess. [Pointing to the dagger which hangs at her side.] I fear no one. Besides, he has not the air of a man who would strike a woman. And I am never lonely while I can see the face of Des Escas.

[Points again to portrait. MARQUIS smiles and kisses her hand, glancing again uneasily at FRIAR, who is now drinking.]

Marquis. How many menservants have you kept?

Countess. I have sent them all to join your company.

Marquis. Who is with you, then, to-night?

Countess. There is Bianca and four other maids, and—the whole host of heaven.

Marquis. [Laughs again.] I think you are right. The man may be a rascal, but I see no vice in him. He would not hurt you. He is drinking like a fish—in ten minutes he will be snoring on the floor. Good-bye again, dear Madame.

Countess. I cannot say farewell! After all, this man will distract my heart from the thoughts that would be mine if I were alone—waiting for the first sound of the guns.

Marquis. And the first note of Sancho's music?

Countess. Oh, yes. What is the tune?

[*MARQUIS hums an air from "Don Giovanni," "Andiam, andiam, mio bene, etc.,"* and goes out.

Friar. [Looking up.] I have heard better singing than that!

[*COUNTESS goes to the window, waves her handkerchief apparently to MARQUIS, then wipes her eyes. Trumpet call is heard without.*

Friar. You seem sad, Madame, but these are sad times. What guardian angel brought me to these doors? I have heard much of your charity, your works of devotion, and how, since the death of your husband in battle two years ago, you have been ever faithful to his memory and your own grief.

[*Watches her intently from under his hood.*

Countess. He died in a great cause.

Friar. Ah! I have often heard so.

Countess. [Pointing to the portrait.] That is his portrait.

Friar. [Rising and surveying picture.] Would so sweet a lady have loved a man who was all evil?

Countess. Did you speak?

Friar. [Rousing himself.] I see his arms are over that door.

Countess. Yes; that was his room. He was born there.

Friar. I have heard that his mother was a saint. No doubt he inherited many of her virtues. [Going back to his chair at the table.] But a soldier's chief duty is to break at least two of the Commandments, if not three. He has to kill and steal, and, for the benefit of his cause, lie, which is not a pretty calling, Madame. But we each have our vocation and our gifts. For myself, I am too clumsy a liar, too tender-hearted, too simple in my wants to feel much sympathy with the martial trade. . . . Pardon me, I forget that I am addressing the widow of a hero.

[*He pours out some wine, crosses his legs in a very easy manner, and appears to find his habit irksome.*

Countess. You seem a philosopher, Brother. Do you ever think of either King, or Pretender, or Usurper?

Friar. Yes, often; it is forced upon me in these times. One day my heart rushes forth to the Carlists; another day to the Christinists.

Poor fellows! They are picturesque; their ancestors ruled over my ancestors. They fought for Spain, no doubt. They plotted and lied and loved and fought and stole when mine, perhaps, were doing the same thing, but less conspicuously! Then, I think, what should I say or do if I had been born an aristocrat?

Countess. Well, what would you have done?

Friar. Well, say I made my first entry into the world in . . . such a room as that. [Points to door.] I grow up. Three nurses watch me day and night, and, if I fall, a dozen fat footmen pick me up. I ride, I fence, I dance and sing, I play the fool, I dress myself up, I swagger, I brag, I am a dandy, I am a rake, I am a hero, or, in other words, an aristocrat!

Countess. [Sighing.] You must have seen something of life before you went into the monastery, Brother.

Friar. I did, Madame, I did. Well, say I reach the age of one-and-twenty. It is quite plain that I must marry—marry a lady with a large dowry. I am lucky if I am given the choice of three. Shall I imagine myself, Madame, as a lucky or an ordinary man? May I suppose that I have the choice of three ladies, or the choice of one lady—and a cousin? We might say, then, that the cousin had a touch of the family temper, and the other lady a strong leaning toward religion. I am advised by my director and my tutors to choose the pious lady. I choose her. She is young, she is beautiful, she is rich, she is charming. She has, in fact, but one shortcoming, or, to be generous, let us say two.

Countess. And those . . . ?

Friar. First, she deserves a much better man; and, secondly, she is chosen for me—just as my coat and my boots are chosen.

Countess. [Sadly.] Oh! this is a very common history you are telling.

Friar. Ah, well, give those conditions, I maintain that a young man must get desperate. He grows up, and is doomed to certain opinions, to a certain way of living, a certain wife, certain principles. There is no opportunity for enthusiasm. If he join the King's cause,—if he die for it,—it is thought no more than his duty. There is no one for him to meet because he has met everyone worth knowing. There is no court for him to sigh for because he spends his days yawning there. But the people, who know nothing of all this, must win in the end.

Countess. And why?

Friar. Because there are more of them, and they hold the purse! They pay good wages too, and any noble who is wise will make haste. Time presses. He is a very old story to his own party, but he comes like a dancing poodle on a fair-day among these Republicans. If I were an aristocrat I would be neither for Carlos nor Christina, but for the people—the trusting, simple, rich, enthusiastic people!

[Drinks.]

Countess. And did you gain this knowledge for yourself, Brother?

Friar. Oh, no, Madame. I am a poor beggar. I go from house to house seeking crumbs and crusts. I have n't had a supper like this, nor talked with a great lady for many a year. You remind me, Madame, of a young countess I once knew. She was a lovely creature. It was before I was a friar, and, if my memory is a little vivid, you must remember that it is a pre-monastic reminiscence! But she could not laugh, and that was a great drawback. Her husband . . .

Countess. Then she had a husband?

Friar. [Taking more wine.] I could well believe, Madame, that had she been so minded she might have taken fifty. The one she chose was . . . not the one, perhaps, I would have chosen for her. He was brought up in the way I have described. He was no angel—but he had an eye for beauty—for purity. It is surprising, Madame, how much you resemble that lady. When I come near to you. . . .

[Goes towards her and takes her face between his two hands.

Countess. [Calling out.] Oh, God! what is this?

[He throws back his hood and roars with laughter.

Friar. Marie-Joseph! You were always too serious!

Countess. [In a whisper.] Is it you, Des Escas? You!

[She draws back and looks a long time at his face.

Des Escas. [Trying to conceal his emotion.] Good heavens! I never thought I should have to console my own widow! Have I changed so much? . . . [COUNTESS throws herself into his arms. DES ESCAS still trying to conceal his emotion.] Ah! I wonder why I left you!

Countess. [Wiping her eyes.] But I cannot understand. . . . I do not realise. . . . It cannot be true. You are not . . . you . . .

[She looks at him again, and again throws herself into his arms.

Des Escas. Ah! my poor angel! Men must be men! [COUNTESS walks across the room, embraces him hurriedly in passing him, drags down the black mourning drapery from over his door, throws it on the ground, also pulls off her own widow's cap, laughing hysterically as she does so. DES ESCAS, with a forced laugh.] What pretty hair to hide! [Takes a tress, kisses it—draws nearer to her.] Oh, I love you better than I knew!

Countess. I knew. Our hearts were one, and all you felt I thought. What need was there for words?

Des Escas. And yet we quarrelled!

Countess. No—but my spirit and yours were as the wind and sky—I was the cloud, you were the breeze. There was agreement even in our storms!

Des Escas. [Taking her hand.] Am I forgiven?

Countess. [Tenderly.] Are you loved? . . . But why do you live? How did you escape?

Des Escas. [Concealing his embarrassment. All through the following

scene he must seem to be a man at war with his own better nature.] All that part is simple. *I hate death.* I had fought well in the fight, and I had a wound or two . . . in the back ! [COUNTESS embraces him again.] Oh, it is quite healed now, but I want you to know that I fought well. We were all driven down to the river—we plunged in—most of us were drowned. I was not. But while I was in the water my enthusiasm cooled. I said to myself, I am perishing for an idea, a foolish idea. Who made the first King ? Ten to one if he were not a Pretender. If I escape I shall join the other side. They are the stronger party, and you may argue as you please, but the King, sooner or later, must come from the side that is the more powerful. All my comrades who were merely praying came to grief—I struck the land.

Countess. But I was praying for you. You forget that.

Des Escas. That was very good and wife-like. I owe much to it. But to resume. I got ashore. I looked about me. I saw the enemy's camp in the distance. The wound in my back was very painful. I said to myself, I was not born to die like a rat. *I hate death.* . . . So I crawled to the enemy. I recanted—I offered the enemy my services. They accepted them and entertained me extremely well. It was better wine than yours, my love ! That is very bad wine ! Well, as I tell you, I offered the enemy my services and they accepted them, but I did not give them my name. I reserve my name till their victory is established. Then I shall declare myself, and obtain a good post in the Government. These fellows love an aristocrat. They suspect already that I am nothing common.

Countess. Is this the story ?

Des Escas. I believe you would rather be weeping now over your dead hero than listening happily to a man of good sense.

Countess. [To herself.] Traitor ! Traitor !

Des Escas. And now prepare yourself, my heart, for further news. I have been watching your career for two years now. It is heroic—but you will ruin me. I cannot permit it any longer. I come here tonight. I find that grand fellow in the uniform—Monfero. . . . Oh, of course, in all honour and chivalry and respect, but—my angel—my saint—you are plotting against the Government. I must forbid it.

Countess. [To herself, wringing her hands.] Oh, fool ! fool !

Des Escas. When I came here I had no intention of making myself known to you. Why should I spoil your unhappiness ? I merely wished to see a little of your home life; but, good God ! that black dress—that widow's veil ! You look twenty years older. I could not allow a pretty woman to make herself dreary for my sake. No, it was not just. [Going to her.] I have watched the sea change from blue—to grey: I have watched the trees change from green to grey: I have seen the sky rose-red turn grey—as ashes : I have seen the scarlet fields fade to the hue of dust: all things grow grey—life itself, you, Marie-Joseph, you, but that time has not yet come—not yet. [Kisses her

tenderly.] So pale. You 're crying! Why? Why? I am here. I am not dead. Why, then, do you cry?

Countess. Yesterday I cried about you: to-day I cry for myself!

Des Escas. Ah well! Women will. . . .

Countess. [Wringing her hands.] Oh, you don't understand. . . . You don't understand! You played the spy so ill that they suspected you at once.

Des Escas. They—who are they? Your maid-servant and those four doddering old women who brought me up-stairs? I 'll wring all their necks.

Countess. No, no. I suspected you—I.

Des Escas. You!

Countess. They will be here in ten minutes to arrest you, and they have no pity—none.

Des Escas. [After a pause.] But you won't give me up?

Countess. Not willingly.

Des Escas. Not willingly! That 's tender! I thank you.

Countess. There is only one way—to say that you are on our side. Declare yourself.

Des Escas. Not I. A man may change his opinions once, but scarcely twice. I won't do it. Let them come and do what they like.

[*The clock chimes.*]

Countess. Ah, you don't know the danger as I do. [She draws the curtains across the window, and, in so doing, remembers his former story.] But who were the ruffians who were chasing you when I called from the window?

Des Escas. [Laughing.] Did n't they do it well? It was really inimitable. Those fellows would make their fortune on the stage. We rehearsed it all at the fort.

Countess. It was a trick!

Des Escas. No, my best life, stratagem! You must learn the language of war.

Countess. Ah! but you are always too light-hearted. You have flown into a death-trap. When they come they will listen to neither of us. They will doubt you—they will doubt me. In these times you can believe no one—trust no one. They will shoot you. . . . They will say that I am your accomplice. I would gladly die *for* you, but—to die as a traitor *with* you. . . . Oh, I can think of nothing! . . . But, as you must die, let it be under the true colours.

Des Escas. True colours! Why—I could close my eyes and swear I was listening to another pretty widow on the opposite side! You all say the same things. Both causes cannot be right—one of them must be wrong. God must decide which! But one thing is certain—there are no causes worth *dying* for.

Countess. [Persistently.] Your soul, Des Escas, is like the sea—as uncertain, as wild, as deep, as shallow, as dangerous, and as strong! Be strong, then, and I will not fear the rest. Your own strength can

conquer your own storms. The tempest which uproots trees and desolates the earth does not spoil the least wave of the sea. The sea will leap with the wind, shout with the thunder, lightning but makes it bright. Oh, but be strong then!

[Bell is heard outside.]

Des Escas. Hark!

Countess. Was that a bell?

Des Escas. Who rang it?

Countess. [Placing her hand over his mouth, and glancing at the door in terror.] Oh, hush! [Bell is heard again. *COUNTESS flies to the door and bolts it.*] Oh, I can think of nothing! But—wait—here is my dagger. Strike me with it—and I will say that you attacked me and escaped by the window.

Des Escas. I would not strike you to save my life ten times over!

Countess. [Bitterly.] Do you think any knife could hurt me so much as the words you have been saying?

Des Escas. A sermon again!

Countess. [Kneeling at his feet.] I implore you to listen. If they see me wounded they will believe me. In the meantime you can hide there. [Points to his room.] Quick! there is not a moment to be lost. Strike!

Des Escas. [Stooping down and kissing her forehead.] You are a good creature, but that is impossible. If they come, they must come.

[The tramp of feet is heard outside.]

Countess. [Still kneeling.] I implore you to go into that room and let me do what I can.

Des Escas. [Sauntering toward the door and stopping at the table to take more wine; hammering is heard at the door.] My life has done nothing for you, Marie-Joseph; why should you wish to save it even a little while longer?

[COUNTESS follows him and half pushes him into the room. COUNTESS noiselessly unbars the door, turns down the light, seizes a dagger, wounds herself on the arm, and falls on the ground by the window, as some men, headed by CAPTAIN AVION, rush in. As they enter, COUNTESS raises herself on her arm.]

Countess. Ah! you are too late. The wretch has escaped. He went by that window. I tried to hold him—the coward struck me. [CAPTAIN AVION lifts her up as she seems half insensible.] Send for my women.

Avion. But where is the devil—the beast? Gone by that window? That's impossible. [Looks round the room.] How long ago did he go? How long?

Countess. I cannot say. It seems long. I must have fainted. It may be five seconds—or ten minutes—or even longer. . . . Send for my women. He went by the window—he kicked me as he passed. I heard him drop to the ground. I should know him anywhere—a

brutal face, like a fox. He had red hair. He was not a Spaniard. Oh, the coward!

Avion. [Looking down from the window at the height below.] If he were a young man he might have jumped, but it would be folly to try and catch him now. At this moment a brawl in the streets would be fatal, and any information he may have gained will be quite useless. The attack has begun.

Countess. It has begun. . . . [She staunches the wound with her handkerchief as she speaks.] Tell me what has happened.

Avion. They are now making their way towards the fort. The attack will be very sudden. If we lose, all will be lost; and if we win, it will mean complete victory.

Countess. They say that if we can but take this fort, every northern power in Europe will support us. As it is, they only want an excuse.

Avion. But, for me, I think it unwise to throw so much on one venture.

Countess. Ah, have courage! But you will be wanted. Go at once —join Monfero. Every man to-night is worth a kingdom. See, my wound is nothing—it will soon be healed. [Guns heard in the distance and the sound of bugles.] I entreat you to go. I command it. See, there are four bells—I can ring any of them. I think I am more frightened than anything. I assure you it was the terror. [Laughs.] I believe it was a mere scratch. And in any case, our friend has left me, and it is always easier to jump down than to jump up!

Avion. Ah, Madame, you teach us all a lesson in courage.

[COUNTESS goes towards door as though she would bow them out.]

Countess. Lose no time, and God be with you!

Avion. [Gives an order to his men and they march out: he lingers a moment and draws his sword.] To reassure myself, will you allow me to thrust this here and there behind the curtains? [He rushes for the black draperies over the door where DES ESCAS is.] Why, this has been pulled down.

Countess. Yes [Concealing her terror] . . . the nail grew loose. On the whole, it is a good omen. I think it means that we must mourn no longer.

Avion. [Laughing.] Well, I never quarrel with superstition when it tells me pleasant things. You may be right. But, if there 's a room here, I think it is certainly possible the villain has escaped that way.

Countess. [Putting up her hand.] Ah, my good friend, no one ever crosses that threshold except myself. It is the room of Des Escas. I keep the key upon my heart.

Avion. [Bowing very low.] A thousand pardons, Madame.

Countess. Oh, that is nothing. There is no harm in your looking under the altar table, and you might strike out at the curtains there.

[Points to window.]

[AVION strikes the curtains. As he approaches the altar, he pauses before the portrait of DES ESCAS and draws a deep sigh.

Avion. Ah, Madame, if he were alive to-night I should feel more confident of victory. [COUNTESS hangs her head and says nothing. He strikes under altar with his sword.] No, the devil escaped by the window. You are right. Good-night again.

[AVION goes out. COUNTESS bolts the door and returns slowly to the portrait, before which she stands with bent head. DES ESCAS at back cautiously opens the door and peeps out. He is dressed in his old Carlist uniform and comes down to COUNTESS. She does not look round.

Des Escas. What are you thinking of, Marie-Joseph? This silence has more in it than prayer—more in it than thanksgiving—more in it than peace.

Countess. I do rejoice . . . I do pray. . . . I do give thanks to heaven. . . .

Des Escas. Ah, but this is all on your lips—perhaps, in your heart also. . . . [He draws her toward him.] . . . Your eyes tell more.

Countess. It may be that I think a little too. I am thinking of something that man said.

Des Escas. And what was that?

Countess. He said: "If the Count Des Escas were alive to-night I should feel more confident of victory." . . . [Passionately.] Ah, it is God alone whom we may never fear to love too well—it is God alone who never fails His friends—who can never disappoint us in His Goodness!

Des Escas. [Slowly.] And man alone may disappoint us in his frailty. When we are at our worst, we may still make amends. A man's heart wills all, hopes all, dares all. . . . [Takes her wounded arm.] For me—this . . . and what—for you?

Countess. Grief.

Des Escas. On my account? Because I live? Because I love you? Oh, on my soul, I have loved you. It may have been that I forgot to say so, but there's the truth. [He lifts her face, studies it, and turns away.] . . . I hate death. . . .

Countess. [Slowly.] Death? [Looks at him with anguish.]

Des Escas. They will come for me.

Countess. Who?

Des Escas. My men.

Countess. Your men.

Des Escas. Yes, they will come for Monfero, that was the plan. They will come for him. They will find me.

Countess. God!

Des Escas. I am going, Marie-Joseph.

Countess. Where?

Des Escas. I am going to fight for my King!

Countess. [Bitterly.] Which King? Which Queen? Which cause?

Des Escas. I will fight for *your* King—for *your* cause, for Don Carlos—for *you* . . . Marie-Joseph!

[He kneels at her feet. Bugle heard outside and men's voices.

Countess. Hark! What is that?

[A voice outside, "In the Queen's name!"

Des Escas. [Rising.] They have come for me. Are you brave?

Countess. God!

Des Escas. They come! One kiss. . . .

Countess. God!

Des Escas. Pray for me!

Countess. God!

[A company of soldiers under CAPTAIN SOBRATO rushes in.

Some of them arrest the COUNTESS and pinion her arms.

DES ESCAS also is seized.

Sobrato. [Presenting his pistol.] Are you for the Queen or Don Carlos?

Des Escas. [Drawing himself up.] I denied my King once.

Sobrato. [Still pointing the pistol.] My commands are these. If for the Queen—there is promotion. If for Don Carlos—there is this. . . . Are you for the Queen or Don Carlos?

Des Escas. [Looks at his wife, whose lips move: she says "Don Carlos," inaudibly. He looks at SOBRATO and draws himself up.] For Don Carlos!

[SOBRATO takes aim and shoots. MARIE-JOSEPH gives a piercing scream. DES ESCAS falls dead at once.

Sobrato. [Taking off his cap and bowing low.] Madame, it was my duty—this fellow . . . [Goes to look at the body.]

Countess. [Fiercely.] Stand back! Stand back! I am his wife.

[At this moment men's voices are heard outside singing the air from "Don Giovanni."

Sobrato. [Rushing to the window.] What is that?

Countess. [With defiance.] A song!

Sobrato. This is some signal—there 's treachery abroad.

Countess. I say, a song.

[The men at a signal from SOBRATO release her, and rush out. She staggers forward, takes the cross from her neck, places it in the hand of DES ESCAS. Then she throws herself on the ground before the altar.

Countess. [As though praying.] The strength! The strength!

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

Charlotte Brontë and her Two Friends, Mary Taylor and Ellen Nussey *

AMONG the incidents transmitted to us tending to prove that Mr. Patrick Brontë was not so indifferent to his children's happiness or so unobservant of their occupations as we have inclined to believe, we note two belonging to the five years spent by Charlotte under his tutelage after her return from Cowan Bridge in the autumn of 1825.

One has been given in her account of the origin of the "strange plays" invented by the four. If the father had a favorite in the flock it was his only son—the handsomest, and reckoned by family and neighbors to be the most brilliant of them all. The girls had no dolls, but a box of toy-soldiers was brought from Leeds for the petted boy. Still the father offered no objection to the division of the puppets for the furtherance of the "play" of "Young Men."

Mr. Shorter tells of a sixpenny blank-book given to Charlotte by her father, on the cover of which it is written:

"All that is written in this book must be in a good, plain, and legible hand.—P. B."

He was cognizant, then, of the scribbling propensities of his daughter, had probably had a glimpse of the MSS. done in microscopic characters, and gave a broad hint as to his wishes on that head.

The earliest date affixed to any of the Brontë manuscripts is upon—as we observe with surprise—an "exceedingly childish production," or so says Mr. Shorter, "By P. B. Brontë." The title is "The Battle of Washington," and there are "full-page colored illustrations." It was written in 1827, Branwell being then ten years old. From babyhood he fancied himself, and was believed by his kindred, to be an artist born.

Charlotte made no such claim for herself, but her passionate love of the beautiful, the artistic tastes she had no opportunity to indulge, and, above all, the strong necessity of expression that consumed her like a restless fire, impelled her to use pencil with pen. Every engraving or sketch that came in her way was examined critically by the short-sighted eyes until she had seen all that was in it, and much that would escape an ordinary spectator. At this time she had a hope, secret and strenuous, of becoming an artist, and practiced drawing with painstaking assiduity. Knowing nothing of rules and methods except from the few lessons she had had at Cowan Bridge, she set herself to copying engravings, line for line, work for which the long, delicate fingers of her tiny hands were especially adapted.

"Stippling, I believe they call it," she wrote afterward of the misdirected labor. "I thought it very fine at the time."

"Oh, I feel like a seed in the cold earth,
Quicken at heart, and pining for the air!"

* Reprinted, by permission, from advance sheets of "Charlotte Brontë at Home." Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The lines recur to us continually in following the course of her life, so tame upon the surface, so tumultuous within.

A quarter-mile or more down the street closed by churchyard and Parsonage, lived a joiner and cabinet-maker—a character in his way, and with a warm side to his heart for the "Parson's children." His shop, on the second floor of his house, saw them more frequently than the interior of any other dwelling in the village. Hardly a week passed in which one or the other, sometimes all four, of the shy, grave-eyed



Courtesy of

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

HOUSE IN THORNTON IN WHICH CHARLOTTE BRONTË WAS BORN

students did not appear in the upper room—redolent of newly cut woods, paint, and varnish. They were always bound upon one errand. A picture in pencil or water-color needed a frame, and a bargain was to be struck with Mr. Wood for it. With true Yorkshire and Brontë-esque independence, not one of the artists would accept the frame as a gift. A piece of his or her own work was to be bartered for what was needed. As the frames were to be made of odd corners left over from larger pictures, scraps of cornices, door and window casings, at second hand, or which had been cast aside as unavailable for other

purposes by the workman, he would gladly have donated the materials and glued them into the requisite form for the pleasure of serving the "odd, clever creatures." He knew them too well, and had too much native tact, to insist upon this point. So with genuine breeding and kindness, he accepted the poor little daub or scrawl, hunted up suitable stuff for the frame that was to enclose the picture reserved by the owner, and accounted it a business transaction.

"He had a drawerful of the pictures he got in this way," his daughter told me. "When the young gentleman got older and could really paint, he did several large pictures for my father in exchange for bigger frames. One of these frames — quite large and heavy — was intended for a picture painted for Mr. Brontë. The subject was 'Jacob's Ladder.' Mr. Brontë thought so much of it that he hung it over his study mantel. One night, a candle was left accidentally too near it, and a corner of the frame took fire. You can see the painting in the Brontë Museum."

From this family I heard a warm vindication of Mr. Brontë from the charge of excessive harshness to his motherless children, and neglect of their wants and feelings. Here, too, I had the same testimony I had gathered from other parishioners, to his popularity with the poorer classes, and his indulgence in monetary matters. Whatever the people wanted they got if he could grant it. When the tithes were not paid, he would not press pew-renters for them. Sometimes he lost as much as £100 per annum by his "easy ways." That was one reason he was always poor.

The aged widow of Mr. Wood repeated the story others had given me of Branwell's many and dazzling gifts of mind and person. She had seen him, again and again, write two letters at once, one with each hand, talking brightly all the time upon a third subject—"Poor lad! He might have been anything he pleased, if he had only kept steady! I have wished, often and often, that we had kept the children's bits of drawings. They would be interesting now."

I cared not a jot for "Jacob's Ladder," having seen enough of



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BRANWELL BRONTE

From an original drawing by Miss E. Taylor

Branwell's pictures—all more or less wretched—to slake any curiosity I may have felt on that head. I should have liked to have a peep at Charlotte's "stipplings" and the free-hand sketches by means of which she strove to make thought visible.

She catalogues twenty-two books written by herself in those five years of house-work, desultory study, and browsing in her father's library of English critics; of poring over political leaders, news of the nations, and literary reviews in the few newspapers which they saw, and "*Blackwood's Magazine*, the most able periodical there is." Some of her writings are in two volumes, some in three, some in four. There are tales, autobiographies, travels, political disquisitions, ballads and short poems, a drama, an epic, conversations—all engrossed in the clear, small script that tantalizes the average eyesight; thousands upon thousands of words, written because she must write, and with no ulterior thought of publication.

The *Young Men's Magazine*, in six numbers, was printed with a pen by Charlotte for circulation in the "study," her two sisters and her brother constituting the whole number of subscribers and readers. Not one word of the tens of thousands was read to father or aunt. So long as the children were quiet and not in mischief, Miss Branwell did not trouble herself with their doings out of work-hours, and Mr. Brontë was more self-absorbed with each passing year of widowhood.

When Charlotte was fifteen he awoke to the conviction that she was no longer one of the children, and stirred himself to find a school where she could be fitted to do a woman's part in the working-day world. His choice fell, happily for all concerned, upon Miss Margaret Wooler's boarding-home for girls at Roe Head, a commodious country-house standing in its own grounds a little back from the Leeds coach-road, about twenty miles from Haworth.

The physical features of the two neighborhoods are as unlike as if they were twenty leagues apart. The visitor to the sun-warmed slopes and pleasant pastures of the contiguous manor of Kirklees, in the heart of whose "immemorial wood" Robin Hood is said to be buried, turns, for the most graphic picture of the scene, to Charlotte's sketch of it in "Shirley":

"They looked down on the deep valley robed in May raiment; on varied meads, some pearléd with daisies, and some golden with king-cups. To-day all this young verdure smiled clear in sunlight; transparent emerald and amber gleams played over it. On Nunnwood" (Kirklees) "—the sole remnant of antique British forest in a region whose lowlands were once all sylvan chase, as its highlands were breast-deep heather—slept the shadow of a cloud; the distant hills were dappled; the horizon was shaded and tinted like mother-of-pearl; silvery blues, soft purples, evanescent greens and rose-shades, all melting into fleeces of white cloud, pure as azure snow—allured the eye as with a remote glimpse of heaven's foundations. The air blowing on the green brow of the Common was fresh, and sweet, and bracing."

Beauty of this type was as new to the Haworth recluse as the

friendships she was to form at Roe Head with Miss Wooler and the two girls who came to know her better than any other human beings ever did, except her sisters. Mary Taylor and Ellen Nussey were already domesticated in Miss Wooler's household when Charlotte was entered as a pupil. The Taylor sisters, Mary and Martha, were the daughters of a Yorkshire banker whose country-seat was but three miles from Roe Head. Charlotte has drawn the family with strength and spirit in "*Shirley*" as the "Yorke's." The fidelity of the portraiture is vouched for by one of Mary's brothers, the "Martin" of the novel, to whom the chapter depicting the household was submitted in MS. His only adverse criticism was that she "had not drawn them strongly enough."

Mary, the elder of the girls, was "Rose Yorke"; Martha was "Jessie." Miss Wooler thought Mary "too pretty to live" when she was brought to her school. Charlotte describes Mary's face as

"not harsh, nor yet quite pretty. It is simple—childlike in feature; the round cheeks bloom; as to the grey eyes, they are otherwise than childlike—a serious soul lights them. . . . She has a mind full-set, thick-sown with the germs of ideas her mother never knew. It is agony to her often to have these ideas trampled on and repressed. She has never rebelled yet; but, if hard-driven, she will rebel one day, and then it will be once for all."

As a pendant to this crayon-sketch, we have Mary's picture of Charlotte, as she saw her on a raw mid-January morning in the year 1831:

"I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. She was coming to school at Miss Wooler's. When she appeared in the school-room, her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it, and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing."*

On the same day Charlotte Brontë and Ellen Nussey (the "Caroline Helstone" of "*Shirley*") met for the first time. This young girl, then near Charlotte's own age—fifteen, lived with her brothers at Brookroyd, a fine old homestead four miles from Roe Head. Biographers are agreed that Charlotte drew no more correct portrait—and she never failed of "catching a likeness"—than in "*Caroline Helstone*," albeit the lonely, dependent niece of the austere rector of Briarfield differed widely in environment from the petted member of a large family, and with whom life had gone upon velvet from her babyhood. I give the portrait as Charlotte has painted it, love prompting each touch. As we read we can see a tender smile lighting up the great red-hazel eyes, of which Mrs. Gaskell says, "I never saw the like in any other human creature."

* Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*."

"It was not absolutely necessary to know her in order to like her. She was fair enough to please, even at the first view. Her shape suited her age; it was girlish, light, and pliant; every curve was neat, every limb proportionate; her face was expressive and gentle; her eyes were handsome, and gifted, at times, with a winning beam that stole into the heart, with a language that spoke softly to the affections. Her mouth was very pretty; she had a delicate skin, and a fine flow of brown hair which she knew how to arrange with taste; curls became her, and she possessed them in picturesque profusion. Her style of dress announced taste in the wearer; very unobtrusive in fashion, far from costly in material, but suitable in colour to the fair complexion with which it contrasted, and in make to the slight form which it draped."



Courtesy of

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ELLEN NUSSEY AT THE AGE OF 65
From an original drawing by Miss E. Taylor

Coming softly, as it was her wont to move, into the schoolroom at the noon recess, Ellen espied a small figure shrinking into the recess of a window overlooking the playground. The ten or dozen girls who then composed the family-school were pelting one another with snow-balls in the courtyard, their shrieks of laughter ringing clearly through the frozen air. The new pupil was crying quietly, wiping the tears furtively as they

dropped, although she thought herself unseen. Her dress was uncouth, herself miserably bashful, as lost and forlorn as if the carrier's covered cart that had left her "to be called for" at Roe Head, had dumped her upon another planet.

Did the memory of the interview that followed steal over the mind of the successful author when she wrote:—"Caroline had tact, and she had fine instinct. She felt that Rose Yorke was a peculiar child—one of the unique. She knew how to treat her."

So well did Ellen Nussey know how to treat the desolate waif blown thither from the moorland Parsonage, that she found her way right speedily to the sealed fountain of the stranger's heart, and kept her place there until it was chilled by death.

As was to be expected, the Haworth girl's ignorance of text-books

and conventional "education" was a woful stumbling-block for a time to her advancement. Had Miss Wooler been the ordinary type of teacher, the drawback might have been almost fatal to the ambition to excel in her studies that inspired Charlotte to conquer homesickness and aversion to new associations. She spoke with prim correctness, she wrote clear, nervous English, but she knew not one rule of English grammar. She had devoured all the books of travel she could get hold of, and several of her own composition were in the "Catalogue of My Books, with the Date of their Completion," yet every child in the second class at Miss Wooler's had "gone further" in geography than she. That she was not classed with the "little girls" was due to her overwhelming



Courtesy of

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BRONTË GROUP FROM A PAINTING BY BRANWELL BRONTË

distress when Miss Wooler delicately hinted her fear that it would have to be done, and to that sensible and tender-hearted woman's decision to give the odd duckling a fair chance to show what was in her. She was ranged, then, with Mary Taylor and Ellen Nussey, and the trio soon found and kept their places in the advance-guard of the home-school. Charlotte became the story-teller of the little band, as she had been to her larger audience at Cowan Bridge, beguiling wet out-of-school hours of tedium by telling tales from the *Young Men's Magazine* and "out of her own head," and keeping her roommates awake into the forbidden hours by blood-curdling romances and ghost-stories. While the rest frolicked in the courtyard she sat under a tree, dividing her attention between a book, and the clouds in the sky, the lights and shadows of the landscape. When urged to take a hand in a ball-game, she acquiesced with amiable indifference, but soon dropped out because

she could not see the ball when tossed high. In muscle she was flaccid, in motion languid unless excited to self-forgetfulness. She ate little of anything, and no meat at all.

Once, Mary Taylor, redundant in vitality, and impatient of physical feebleness, told her new friend, with the frank brutality of the British schoolgirl, that she was homely and awkward. Long afterward she reminded Charlotte of the rudeness and begged her forgiveness.

"You did me good, Polly, so don't repent of it!" was the reply, fraught with meaning which Mary could appreciate, knowing her as she did.

Then, as always, Charlotte was absolutely free from personal vanity. Everyone who has heard of her name and fame knows of the argument with her sisters upon the "moral wrong" of making every heroine beautiful, and her boast, "I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours."

The jesting promise was the germ of "Jane Eyre."

Mary Taylor was as outspoken in her surprise at the "things that were out of our range altogether" which Charlotte knew. She had read more books than they had ever heard of, and forgot nothing she had read; was conversant with the works, and had some knowledge of the *personnel*, of every English author of note, speaking of them as naturally as her comrades chatted of their neighbors and kinspeople.

"You are always talking about clever people—Johnson and Sheridan and the like!" said one listener testily.

Charlotte lost the captious spirit of the remark in the obvious incongruity of the classification.

"You don't know the meaning of 'clever,'" she answered, in serious good faith; and, meditatively, "Sheridan might be clever. Yes! Sheridan *was* clever,—scamps often are,—but Johnson had n't a spark of *cleverality* in him."

One cannot but wish the great Lexicographer had lived to hear the coined word, distinctive of a shade of meaning not reached by "cleverness." The occasional *bons mots* recalled by her intimates prove that she would have been as brilliant in talk as with pen, but for the stifled life she had led with respect to everybody and everything without the walls of the home where alone she was ever entirely and happily her real self.

MARION HARLAND.

Augustin Daly: An Appreciation

FRESH from the inspired and tender ceremonies with which the Church has commended the soul of Augustin Daly into its Maker's hands, one sits down to put together and in some sort to co-ordinate the thoughts of his personality which throng in such numbers on the mind—as people tie up the letters of the dead with ribbons that some day, old and faded, shall be untied by another generation, curious to know something of those who have gone before them. This will not—

of necessity cannot—be a complete appreciation of the man and his work. There are others able with more authority to estimate and sum up the value of his public services, which all the world knows to have been splendid and, for America, epoch-making.

I have been asked rather to set down some of the impressions which he made as a man upon one who was every day brought into contact with him. It is the man, after all, to know more of whom there is a natural and legitimate desire. His work as a theatrical manager of unquestioned eminence is known to every one; but of the thousands who saw him in the sumptuous foyer of his theatre, or on the stage, perhaps, at a first night, only one here and there knew him in any other way.

How much the others missed, they will never be able to realize. It was necessary to have been brought within the sphere of his personal magnetism to feel the full force of that attraction which made those who were susceptible to it describe him as a fascinating man. The epithet may seem strangely chosen to some who never got beyond a certain prevalent view of him as a cold and unapproachable person; and yet none could be more applicable to the side of his character which others were privileged to know. His magnetism was perhaps not as far-reaching as, for example, Mr. Blaine's—for whom thousands of men up and down the country would gladly have broken stones on the highroad for a week, if they had thought it would give him any pleasure; but it was none the less true and strong when he chose to exert it. Taciturn he was, in the ordinary daily intercourse with indifferent people, except in some rare moods; no man surely was further from wearing his heart upon his sleeve; but the very fewness of his words lent them all the more weight, whether for praise or blame. Apart from either of these, one felt richer for the two or three forceful, decisive sentences that would sometimes flash out from behind the curtain of silence, and give a new and memorable view of some question of art or letters. The discipline of his company is generally known to have been strict; and yet, not to speak of its educational value, how far it was from obscuring the qualities of which I speak may be seen from the feeling, universally expressed by all who were associated with him in the theatre, of having suffered a personal and poignant loss in his departure.

For beneath this undemonstrative exterior lay a deep and very real kindness of heart, worth far more than the specious, indiscriminate gush which wins for some people the name of benevolence. Mr. Daly's charity to the poor was not a sort of cheap advertising: it was, as the truest charity always is, unostentatious and retiring. Amid all the cares and labors which filled each day so full, he found time to look into cases that seemed deserving, and to minister to their needs. Nothing could be more unlike the charity of the Pharisee who gives to those from whom he hopes to receive again. A fashionable actress might write from the Waldorf-Astoria to seek an interview and an en-

gagement, and be answered civilly but briefly that Mr. Daly had no vacancy in his company. By the same post would come an appeal from some struggling father of a family in an obscure East-side street, willing to do any kind of honest work to put bread in his children's mouths; and the busy manager would send for him, hear his case,



Courtesy of

The Century Co.

THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE STUDYING A MINIATURE STAGE SCENE
From an unpublished photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf

patiently from his own lips, and do what he could to bring comfort into that humble home, content with the consciousness of a good deed done.

It was his invariable rule to answer every letter that came to him, no matter how trivial or absurd; and I think this was not so much the pursuance of a strict business system as the outcome of the same kindness of heart. He realized with how many hopes and prayers were

freighted the poor little ill-spelled letters that came from impossible provincial towns to the great man whose favor might mean fame and fortune; and if, as most frequently happened, he could give the aspirant no more than a courteous refusal, he felt that even that would be worth more than blank, impenetrable silence. Not that he believed in nourishing false hopes of histrionic triumphs—indeed, time and again he would go out of his way to advise the keeping of a mercantile position rather than the embarking upon the almost shoreless sea of dramatic ambition. He would wisely tell the callow youth or the green girl (they were always anxious to impress upon him that they were *not* stage-struck schoolgirls) how the ranks of the profession were so overcrowded with beginners that a new-comer, unless endowed with exceptional talent, had small prospect of success.

It happened last autumn that a periodical boasting an enormous circulation (its subscribers must be found among the submerged, inarticulate classes of our strangely varied population, for I have never seen a copy of it) was ill-advised enough to tell its hundreds of thousands of readers that a girl who wished to go upon the stage should write to Augustin Daly in New York—implying that he would be deeply interested in such sacred aspirations. Immediately a perfect avalanche of letters began to pour in upon the astonished manager, who had never even heard of the periodical that knew so much about him. From Ohio and Texas, from Maine and Tennessee, girls wrote (addressing “Manager Daily Opera Troop”) to say that it had always been the dream of their lives to go on the stage; and now at last, they seemed to think, the dream was to come true. Some painfully self-sufficient—“I am sure if you give me a trial you will never repent of it”; others humble and depressed—“I have not education enough to be a school-teacher, and a girl can’t earn more than two dollars a week in these parts working out”: they were generally pathetic, and all wonderfully illuminating “human documents” (in the phrase of the day) on the conditions of that curious congeries which we call American life. They were, however, from the practical point of view, mere food for the waste-paper basket—“that horrid waste-paper basket” which one feminine correspondent deprecated in a burst of appealing confidence: but Mr. Daly’s only protest against such a purposeless waste of his valuable time was a humorous lifting of the eyebrows as he handed them over to his secretary, each carefully endorsed with the outline of a reply. It will follow that his considerate kindness towards those who had some slight claim upon him was even more marked and worthy of commemoration. With all the great interests of which his mind was full, he yet found room (even in the last day or two before he sailed this summer, when he was ill enough to have been excused much forgetfulness) for a thoughtful attentiveness to the small details of the welfare of others which only a great heart could have shown.

His devotion to art and letters was almost a more unusual and distinguishing feature of the man, in these days when the drama is coming

to be increasingly a mere form of commercial speculation. He kept himself familiar with the best work of the day, whether with pen or pencil. Publishers looked to him as a probable purchaser for rare and expensive editions, and the literary and artistic periodicals of America and England, of France and Germany, lay in piles upon his table. In his dramatic work, he felt himself to be but the inheritor and guardian of the glorious traditions of the past. He was a little impatient of the attitude of mind which takes no account of them. With what an accent of disgust he said, "I once spoke of *Dejazet* to a young lady who was ambitious to become an actress; and, would you believe it? she had never heard of her!" Only a few weeks before his death, he was arranging for a translation of the touching "*Letters to Fan-fan*" of Aimée Desclée, for whom he had a particular regard—intending to have it bound up (for his own private reading) with Dumas's luminous sketch of her life.

People whose only conception of success may be measured in terms of dollars and cents must often have looked on in amazement at the sight of one whom they heard called a great manager producing plays which cost him far more than they brought in, and have thought that an unaccountable error of judgment was the only hypothesis on which such conduct could be explained. Yet he chose such things deliberately, knowing the probable outcome perfectly well; and he was ready to do it again. Last spring he looked over a translation of M. Rostand's "*Les Romanesques*"—a delicate, dainty, Dresden-china bit of work it is, perhaps even a little

"too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

Yet he was perfectly willing to discuss the possibility of his some day producing it. "I do not mind," he said to me, "now and then, when business has been good, throwing away two or three thousand dollars in putting on such a thing as that, which I like, whether the public likes it or not."

Indeed, Mr. Daly's whole attitude towards money was in the most refreshing contrast to that of the people who can make nothing of a million but to use it in getting another. He did not believe in letting people cheat him out of it, and would contend stoutly for his rights in any case where he believed them to be infringed. But he did believe in spending money to see himself surrounded, while he lived, with things which ministered to the comfort, even to the luxury, of both mind and body. He was never a man to scrutinize minutely small details of expenditure, either on his own part or on that of subordinates authorized to lay out his money, so long as the result was satisfactory. The storerooms of the theatre hold to-day the value of immense sums in real old armor, rare china, and bric-à-brac, the accumulation of years, which lent to his productions a richness and a beauty scarcely to be equalled elsewhere in the world.



Photo, by

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MR. DALY'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN DALY'S THEATRE

C. C. Langill

When one passed the jealously guarded door in the *grille* which shut off the outer world from too near approach to his private office, and went up the carpeted stairs, hung about with old paintings, one left behind the sordid atmosphere of commonplace business from which in New York it is so hard to escape. The house of which his office (one says more naturally his library, his study) was the heart and centrepoint, had been at one time a private dwelling, and the first floor still retained its character. You opened his door, and set tinkling the musical chimes which announced your approach; and for all you saw at the first glance, you might have been in the den of a novelist or of an historian. The staccato notes of a hand-organ in the street below would not let you forget that you were in New York, and certain classical playbills framed upon the walls recalled you to the theatre; but otherwise you might imagine without the slightest difficulty that you had strayed into the workroom of George Meredith at Box Hill. Around the walls ran dark bookcases which you would have found full of treasures beyond price for the history of the drama—many whose leaves had been turned by the heroes and demigods of the legendary epochs of the drama. By the side of these, the stained and worn look of whose pages gave them their value, though many of them had been fitted by the reverent care of their inheritor with new and costly bindings, stood the luxurious products of the best modern book-making—with here and there something that gave you an insight into yet other sides of the character which informed the room, like the two plain, bulky volumes of Lord Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary. The large table in the centre of the place, heaped high with the details of the day's work—an orderly disorder, sacred from the profane, confounding touch of any housemaid—led you to the man who had made all this. The noble, intellectual head, with something of a leonine dignity about it, the graceful droop of the gray moustache, the suggestion of a habit of command about the whole figure, even in repose, formed a picture at once lovable and strong that would take long to forget.

Of the tender and gracious qualities that went to make up Mr. Daly's nature I have already spoken. It remains to dwell on the unfailing strength which gave temper to them, and made them so potent for large accomplishment. His was essentially a self-reliant mind—positive, decided, always definitely on one side or the other of a question, and not easily to be moved from a stand which he had once taken. Accustomed for years to serve as a target for cheap, mechanical criticism, he had long outgrown any temptation to be deflected from his determined path by its chatter. The old lion could still be wounded by the poisoned arrows of intentional malice; but to the mere noisy braying of surrounding jackasses he was superbly indifferent. When he produced "Cyrano de Bergerac" last autumn, he paid almost no heed to the chorus of "irresponsible, indolent reviewers," who asserted with a unanimity that might have deceived the unwary that he had cut

down the rôle of the hero with a deliberate intention to strengthen that of the heroine. Some one who had forgotten that *a priori* reasoning was out of date must have imagined that that was what he was likely to do—*ergo*, that he had done it; and the rest of the tribe, scarcely one of whom could have read the play in its magnificent original (so far superior to either of the versions here produced), followed tamely in the wake of the original discoverer. Nothing else could explain the consistency with which an absolutely baseless statement was reiterated by one and another. To all this, I say, Mr. Daly gave small heed. He was just a thought annoyed that Coquelin should have judged him on the strength of reporters' testimony, and with no other foundation have accused him of mutilating a work of art. But he called to mind that the same Coquelin had once interpolated a brand-new and very French love scene in one of Shakespeare's comedies ("Much Ado about Nothing," I think it was) and so let the thing go from him.

Another mark of a strong mind was the way in which, having chosen his subordinates as well as possible, he showed his confidence in them by letting them do their work in their own way. Of course, in regard to that which was done behind the footlights it was his place at rehearsal to show them how it should be done; but an old member of his company has already said that it was his method rather to indicate by a word or a gesture what was required, and leave the actor to think out the best way of expressing it before he came again. In the other departments of the theatre his subordinates found before they had been long associated with him that he did not care to have them constantly running to him with questions, as, in a natural anxiety to please him, they might have been inclined to do. Let them once grasp his idea, and then carry it out to the best of their ability—and, though it might be a matter involving a considerable outlay of money, he was satisfied with them. It follows from this habit of years that the shade of doubt with which one looks to the future of the theatre arises not so much from any questioning of the competence of those who have been so trained as from the absence of that inspiring personality which infused into all a generous desire to do their best for the work of art in which every one had a share.

Mr. Daly was averse to changes in his staff. When he had found a man who suited him, he liked (so he used to say) to make him comfortable and to keep him. More than one of those who were in his employ at the time of his death had been with him when, as a young and unknown beginner, he put his first play upon the stage thirty years ago.

The success to which he attained in the course of those thirty years was due not only to his genius, to his taste, to his unswerving pursuit of an ideal, but also to his insatiable capacity for work. He was beyond question the hardest worker about the theatre—generally in his office soon after eight in the morning, and more or less busy with one thing and another until the lights were out at night. Yet the amount

of work to be done involved a rigid adherence to prearranged routine. In one particular, at least, this was felt as a hardship by those who did not stop to consider how unavoidable it was. Applicants for engagement were expected to come at a fixed hour; through the rest of the day Mr. Daly was invisible. Many, no doubt, thought this restriction arbitrary and even unkind—not realizing that without it he would have been overrun all day long by budding actors and actresses, to the utter confusion of more serious affairs.

There is no reasonable doubt that his life might have been stretched to a longer span had he been willing ever so little to slacken his pace; yet one questions whether he could ever have done it. "Death," he would have said, "may be knocking at the door like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock." And perhaps it was not the mere work alone that wore out his brave heart. I once heard such another man, an indefatigable prelate, say to a friend who was urging him to have some care of his health, "It is not work that kills bishops—it is worry." And of worry, there is no doubt, Mr. Daly had his share. It was no easy matter to be true to one's ideals and yet to contrive the pleasing of a public which crowded again and again to witness a clever triumph of mechanical devices like "The Great Ruby" or a string of agreeable jingles like "The Runaway Girl," and could only be induced to give a careless glance at the superb production of "The Merchant of Venice."

But he is done with all that now. Rest came to him whether he wanted it or not. Yet we may like to fancy that he was content to lay aside the crown of supremacy which had cost him so much toil—"If I fall asleep," he said at the last, "do not wake me." And so we take our leave of him with those filial words from the play which he had planned to produce next winter:

"Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation, golden care,
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!"

A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.

A Genial Gentleman

THE reader of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences" * will not be disappointed in these two volumes. It is not often that a man's reminiscences are published during his lifetime, particularly when they deal largely with living people, but when they are as amiable as they are interesting, which they are in this case, their publication is safe enough.

Mr. McCarthy begins by saying that these two volumes do not profess to be anything in the nature of an autobiography—the reason

* "Reminiscences." By Justin McCarthy. New York: Harper & Bros. London: Chatto & Windus.

being, as he gives it, that his life, in its own course, has been uneventful, and he has no story to tell about it which would have any claim upon public interest. In making the book one of reminiscences, he can write about other people.

It has been the happiest fortune of his life, he says, to meet with a great many distinguished men and women, about whom readers in general would be glad to hear anything that can be said in addition to what they have read or know already. "Therefore these volumes are strictly reminiscences, recollections of the eminent persons with whom I have been brought into association, not a record of my otherwise unimportant doings."

This is modest on the part of Mr. McCarthy, because we do not think his life has been quite as uneventful as he would have us believe. At the same time, there is a touch of autobiography in the book. For instance, he speaks of his early education. "My literary outfit for a career in London journalism," he writes, "consisted of a tolerably good literary education and a certain mastery of shorthand."

His people had not money enough to spend on sending him to Trinity College, merely for the sake of the teaching he could get there, so he was forced to be content in a private school.

"Luckily for me," he writes, "the classical school to which I was sent was one taught by a fine old scholar, who was able to give me a good literary instruction in Greek and Latin; and I may say that I never became a scholar in any language, even English. I had from my childhood an immense love for the reading of books, and no taste whatever for the scientific study of grammar." He has always kept up his Greek, if it were only to read some favorite author for ten minutes a day.

That the book is well "up to date" is proved by the fact that Mr. Kipling's recent illness is referred to in it. The whole of the two volumes were written while the author was recovering health in the seclusion of a small seacoast village remote from the rush and movements of political and social life. "For the first time since actual boyhood," he says, "I have enjoyed continuous leisure."

He begins the book with his first visit to London, which was in February, 1852, when he was twenty-two years of age. He caught his first sight of the metropolis of the world by gaslight, from the top of an omnibus leaving Euston square. There have been great changes in London since then, though the general character of the streets was much as it is to-day. The popular actors then were Charles Kean and Charles Mathews; the singers, Grisi, Alboni, Mario, Lablache, and Tamberlik. Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson were the stars in the literary firmament. The Duke of Wellington might still be met in Whitehall or Piccadilly, and Lord Brougham, whom he describes as the worst-dressed man in the House of Lords:

"I used to wonder, as I saw him, where he got his hat made, that queer old shapeless beaver hat—are there any beaver hats in existence

now?—with the thick fur apparently rubbed the wrong way. Brougham, whenever I saw him, always wore the shepherd's plaid trousers with which *Punch* made the public of that time familiar. A face less favored by nature than Brougham's it would be hardly possible for the perverted ingenuity of a caricaturist to conceive. His movements were awkward, his gestures were uncouth, grotesque, and, sometimes, even startling in their sudden and unpicturesque emphasis."

This was the Brougham seen on the streets. As an orator Mr. McCarthy admits his greatness, but he adds: "I wonder what the House of Lords just now would think of a peer who gesticulated and bellowed as Brougham was in the habit of doing." At the same time it was impossible to listen and not be carried away "by the force of his intellect, by his torrent of words, by the sudden whirl and eddy of his rapid illustrations, and by the longer or shorter stretches of quietude and repose into which his argument occasionally flowed."

Mr. McCarthy not only saw the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, but he heard him make a short speech—one not remarkable for its eloquence, but that made an impression that a greater orator might have failed in producing. He writes:

"The Duke, as I gathered from the speech of another peer—a law Lord, I think it was—had already been offering to the House his opinion on the measure under consideration, and the noble and learned Lord was now criticising his remarks. In the course of his criticism this noble and learned personage ventured on the observation that he feared 'the illustrious Duke' had not quite understood the measure now before the House. This drew the illustrious Duke. The Duke of Wellington sprang to his feet to reply, and he struck the table with indignant gesture. 'My Lords,' he said, 'the noble and learned Lord has said that I don't understand this bill. Well, my Lords, all I can say is that I read the bill once, that I read it twice, that I read it three times, and if after that I don't understand the bill, why then, my Lords, all I have to say is that I must be a damned stupid fellow.' Then the Duke resumed his seat, and that was the only speech I ever heard him deliver."

When Mr. McCarthy first settled in London, England was "under the sway of a great literary triumvirate: Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson." Tennyson was not as popular as Dickens, nor even as popular as Thackeray. Dickens was by far the most popular of the three, "and no one," adds Mr. McCarthy, "has had anything like the same degree of popularity."

"I had many opportunities of meeting Dickens, and of course I heard all of his readings and heard him deliver several after-dinner speeches. Let me say at once that he was the best after-dinner speaker I ever heard; I do not quite know whom I should put second to him. Sometimes I feel inclined to give Mr. James Russell Lowell that second place, and sometimes my mind impels me to give it to Lowell's countryman, Mr. Chauncey Depew. But, so far as my judgment can go, there is no difficulty about awarding the first place to Dickens. His voice was rich, full, and deep, capable of imparting without effort every tone and half-tone of emotion, pathetic, inspiring, or humorous, that any

spoken words could demand. His deep eyes seemed to flash upon every listener among the audience whom he addressed. I have no doubt that his after-dinner speeches were prepared in some fashion, but they carried with them no hint of preparation. They seemed to come from the heart of the speaker and to go straight to the heart of the listener."

Though Mr. McCarthy had many opportunities of meeting Dickens, he considered his acquaintance with him slight and superficial. He was proud when the great man shook hands with him, but he could never pretend to be ranked even in the outmost circle of his friends.

"To say the truth, Dickens rather frightened me; I felt uneasy when he spoke to me, and did not quite see what business I had to be speaking to such a man. His manner was full of energy; there was something physically overpowering about it, as it seemed to me; the vehemence of his cheery good humor rather bore one down."

Another man who made him feel afraid was Carlyle, but that was in quite a different way. Carlyle had a fashion of expressing his opinions which was enough to make any modest beginner in the literary craft think twice before venturing on the expression of any views of his own in the presence of such a master:

"The dread I felt of Dickens was not at all like the dread I felt of Carlyle. In the case of Carlyle I did not like to run the risk of being snubbed; in Dickens's case I knew there was no such risk—I knew that he was far too sweet and kindly in nature to snub me, but the exuberance of his good humor bore me down and kept me in my modest place."

Mr. McCarthy never felt the same kind of awe and awkwardness in the presence of Thackeray. One might have thought his presence more awe-inspiring to a young, obscure man, but apparently it was not:

"Thackeray was much taller than Dickens; his form, indeed, approached to the gigantic in its proportions; he looked far older, although the two men were much about the same age; his immense head, his broad forehead, and his prematurely white hair, gave him an appearance of authority, and even of severity, which one might have thought would prove intimidating to a stranger. Yet I at least never felt it so. He seemed to me to be less self-assertive, less conscious of his superiority, than Dickens appeared to be. I never had the good fortune of approaching to intimacy with Thackeray—the chance that at one time opened upon me was reduced to nothing by the Fates, and its memory has left an indelible impression on my mind. I had met Thackeray in a casual way several times; but I never was a pushing sort of person, and indeed I idolized Thackeray and Dickens far too much to think of pushing myself on either of them."

Browning in later years he came to know well:

"I had always been a devoted admirer of his genius; his iron harp-string sounded a chord that spoke to my mind and heart as no other poet of the day could have done. If, before seeing either man,

I were to have evolved from my moral consciousness an idea of Tennyson and of Browning, I think I should have evolved Browning for Tennyson, and Tennyson for Browning. I should have pictured Browning as the man withdrawn into the cloud, and Tennyson as the brightening figure which came into every household and appealed to every sensibility."

Mr. McCarthy resents the statement of an English authoress who in some recently published memoirs describes Browning as "a mere chattering in society and a devotee of rank and fashion." He wonders how two people living at the same time and meeting with the same sort of people, and following the same sort of craft, can possibly have formed such totally different impressions of one and the same man as formed by "the authoress I speak of and myself."

"First of all, as to Browning's manner of talk. Was it only the idle chattering of society? I have met a great many brilliant talkers in different countries in my time; I do not know that I have ever met a talker more brilliant or who could, when he pleased, go more deeply into the heart of a subject than Robert Browning."

Mr. McCarthy has been more than once to America. He was here some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and he seems to have enjoyed himself then and later. Among the distinguished men he met during his first visit was Horace Greeley, whom he describes as "a kind of modern and eccentric Benjamin Franklin, with a face that, including baldness, spectacles, good-natured smile, and keen, shrewd humor of expression, reminded me in an odd sort of way of Count Cavour, the famous Italian statesman. Greeley was a much worse dressed man than even Count Cavour."

He goes on to say that Horace Greeley was at the same time "one of the simplest and one of the ablest men" he had ever known. He was "absolutely without affectation, just as he was absolutely without any selfish or ignoble purpose."

Of course, Mr. McCarthy went to Boston, where he met Lowell, Longfellow, Howells, then a young man, Emerson, Holmes, and all the distinguished group that made not only Boston but the United States famous in literature. Of Emerson he says:

"I had many opportunities of meeting Emerson, and never met him without a certain curious feeling of wonder that a man of his profound thought and of an intellect which might have seemed to be lifted so much above the ordinary concerns of life could bring himself so readily into the most unaffected congeniality of companionship with every-day men like myself."

He had many meetings with Longfellow also, and the general impression he derived from his intercourse with him was "that the man on the whole was greater than his books." He does not agree with people who now think it fashionable to cry Longfellow down, for he thinks that "within his limits he was a genuine poet."

Dr. Holmes also impressed him with his delightful personality.

"I have never heard a man," he writes, "who seemed more capable of holding a company in fascination by his talk."

Through the kindness of a friend in Washington he made the acquaintance of Walt Whitman, who was then living in a most unpretending sort of way. He was lodged in a room like a garret, up several flights of stairs, in a thickly populated building. Mr. McCarthy thinks that if Whitman was playing the part of the poverty-stricken poet, he played it well. But he doubts if he were doing so ignoble a thing.

"If ever sincerity and candor shone from the face of a man, these qualities shone from the face of Walt Whitman. There was an unmistakable dignity about the man despite his poor garb and his utterly careless way of life. He had a fine presence with his broad, rugged forehead and his iron-gray hair, giving an idea of premature old age. There was a simple dignity in his manner which marked him out as one of nature's gentlemen."

Again, in 1866, Mr. McCarthy came to America and went on a lecturing tour. He stayed over here nearly a year, and, though his visit was not without its pleasures, it had its painful side also, as so many of the men, especially the Boston circle, that he had met before were dead and gone.

Mr. McCarthy describes the Sunday afternoons at George Eliot's house, and has many kind words to say of that famous woman:

"George Eliot had a sweet, sympathetic voice, with a certain melancholy in its cadence which rested like music on the ear. Her object, apparently, in her Sunday gatherings, was to get all her guests to talk and to relieve the newer visitors from the awkwardness of a silent shyness. She did not do much of the talking herself, but she always listened with the closest attention, and gently intervened whenever any pause took place, either for the sake of carrying on the old conversation, or of taking care that some new subject should be presented to the group."

George Eliot was always unwilling to have any of her books talked about and resented it when anybody ventured on such an intrusion.

Mr. McCarthy's first impression of George Meredith was that he was a man of extraordinary and exuberant vitality. Meredith loved all manner of bodily exercise, and it amazed Mr. McCarthy when he first used to visit him to "see a man, no longer young, indulge in such feats of strength and agility."

"It delighted him to play with great iron weights, and to throw heavy clubs into the air and catch them as they fell, and twirl them round his head as if they had been light bamboo canes. I remember wondering, indeed, sometimes, whether such exercises and such feats of strength were not taxing too far the physical powers of a man who had already passed his prime; and whether overtaxed nature would not some day show that she had been taxed too far. But, at the same time, the general impression which George Meredith then gave one was that of the faunlike creature, the child of Nature, who must always be young, as Nature herself is always young."

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is on some Americans in London. Of Whistler he says:

"What a curious, puzzling, bewildering, altogether fascinating combination of the American humorist and the Parisian gamin, I thought Whistler, when our acquaintance began, and how naturally and how completely he has kept up the character from that day to this! Whistler was a school of art all to himself.

"No man is more popular in London dining-rooms and drawing-rooms than Henry James, and a first night at a theatrical performance would seem incomplete if his familiar figure were not to be seen in the stalls or in one of the boxes. Henry James, too, has an interest in political life, and dines with leading public men in the London clubs which represent the one side of politics and the other. He is a delightful talker, and in his talk can develop views and ideas about every passing subject which can clothe even the trivial topics of the day with intellectual grace and meaning. Every now and then some vivid saying or some sparkling epigram comes in, and, indeed, there is only, so far as I know, one thing which Henry James never could do in any conversation—he never could be commonplace."

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), according to Mr. McCarthy, "captured the reading public of England all in a moment, just as she has more recently captured the theatre-going public of England by her play, 'The Ambassador.'" He has much to say in praise of Mr. George W. Smalley, then London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and now New York correspondent of the *London Times*.

Anything that Mr. McCarthy has to say about Charles Stewart Parnell could not fail to be interesting. He met Parnell for the first time shortly after he entered the House of Commons, in 1876, and the acquaintanceship soon ripened into companionship and friendship. For a great many years he saw him probably more often than any other of his political comrades could have done.

"I have lately read a great deal about his chilling manners, about his haughty superciliousness, about his positive rudeness to strangers, and, indeed, to all persons whom he considered in any way beneath himself, so far as social position was concerned. I can only say that, if the man thus described was Parnell, then I never knew Parnell at all, never could even have seen him. For the Parnell with whom I was in closest intimacy for some fifteen years bore not the slightest resemblance to that other Parnell, but was indeed in every way curiously unlike him. I have seen him in all sorts of companionships, tried by all manner of provocations, beset by bores, perplexed by worries, and I never saw in his manner anything that did not belong to the character of a thorough gentleman."

Mr. McCarthy does not think that Mr. Parnell had any gift of imagination.

"His speeches had no ornament whatever to make them attractive; he could not set them off by any happy illustrations drawn from history or literature; all the great poets and prose writers had lived in vain, so far as he was concerned. I do not think I have ever known another man of the educated classes who knew so little of literature as Parnell,

Except for works which dealt with applied science, and for Parliamentary reports, I do not know that Parnell ever read a book in his life. About the poet's art and the literature of fiction he knew absolutely nothing; all that side of life was but a blank to him. Twice only, so far as I know, did he indulge in poetic citation, and in both cases he went wrong. In the first instance he wanted to quote Thomas Moore's somewhat hackneyed description of Ireland as 'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea'; and he converted it into 'First flower of the earth and first jewel of the ocean.' In the second instance he had another scrap of Moore floating vaguely in his memory, but he thus gave it out, 'As Lord Byron has said, "On our side is virtue and Erin, on theirs is the Saxon and guilt."'"

Mr. McCarthy's two volumes are really an embarrassment of riches. It is hard to know where to leave off quoting, but I must give a quotation from his chapter on Gladstone, who, he says, "grew distinctly handsomer as he grew older." On the subject of Gladstone's conversion to home rule he says:

"The idea put about so often that Gladstone had made a rapid and even a sudden conversion to the principle of home rule for Ireland is utterly without foundation. I can affirm this of my own positive experience. I know of my own knowledge that so long ago as the early months of 1879 Gladstone was earnestly studying the question of home rule with a wish to be satisfied on two main points: first, whether home rule was really desired by the great majority of the Irish people, and, next, whether a scheme of home rule could be constructed which could satisfy the claims of Ireland without imperilling the safety and the stability of the empire. I had many conversations with Mr. Gladstone on these subjects during the years that followed, and I saw that his convictions were slowly but steadily growing until they expressed themselves at last in his home rule measure of 1886."

I doubt if there will be many more interesting volumes than these "Reminiscences" published during the present year.

J. L. G.

Notes from Paris

ANOTHER posthumous volume by Victor Hugo is being prepared for the press under the editorship of his literary executor, the venerable Paul Méurice. There is little, if anything, in the book which will increase the reputation of the poet, and, in running over the proof-sheets, you find yourself frequently wondering why certain trivialities have been thus withdrawn from the obscurity of the garret trunk and thrust into the full glare of publicity. Scattered through the volume are, of course, a few anecdotes and biographical notes of some value, which may be utilized by future literary historians. But, taken as a whole, this collection of papers of all sorts and lengths is rather disappointing. Perhaps the most interesting one of the lot is that placed at the head of the volume, and which has to do with the last moments of Louis XVI. It really contains a few historic facts of some importance.

In December, 1792, a month before the beheading of the king, a

young man of twenty, named Leboucher, arrived in Paris from Bourges. He witnessed the execution, and in 1840 described the scene in detail to Victor Hugo. The account fills seven pages of the forthcoming volume.

It appears from Leboucher's statement that the scaffold was not raised, as is generally supposed to have been the case, in the centre of the Place de la Concorde where stands to-day the obelisk, but "between the pedestal and the Champs Élysées," as a decree of the Provisional Executive Council decided it. This pedestal was the dilapidated stone on which had long stood a statue of Louis XV. The scaffold is thus described by Hugo after Leboucher: "It was covered with long boards, placed crosswise, and which hid the beams. A sort of ladder, without rail or banister, was at the back, while what one might call the head of this horrible construction was turned towards the garde-meuble" (the state furniture repository, now belonging to private parties—the colonnaded edifice which still stretches along the north-east side of the Place, looking almost exactly as it did on this fatal January 21, 1793).

The description continues: "A cylindrical-shaped basket, covered with leather, was placed at the spot where the king's head would fall, in order to catch it. At one of the angles of the platform, on the right of the ladder, was a long osier receptacle, which was to receive the body, and on which one of the executioners, while awaiting the arrival of the king, had placed his hat." There were four executioners, though only two really performed the work of beheading the king. A third stood at the bottom of the ladder, and a fourth sat on the cart which was to carry the body to the Madeleine Cemetery, and which stood waiting a few feet from the scaffold. These four men were in knee-breeches, *habit à la Française* as modified by the Revolution, and had on their heads three-cornered hats, decorated with large tricolored cockades. They did not remove their hats during the execution, and Sanson remained covered even when he seized by the hair the decapitated head of Louis XVI. and presented it to the people, "while for a few moments blood trickled from it on the scaffold."

Compared with "the improved guillotine of to-day," the one used on this tragic occasion seems quite primitive. Here is Victor Hugo's description of it: "The knife was simply attached to a pulley fixed in the middle of the upper crossbeam. This pulley and a rope as big as the thumb completed the apparatus. The knife, loaded with a moderate weight, was small in size, the blade being convex, which gave to it a shape just the contrary of the Doge's headgear or a physician's cap. No screen of any kind was arranged so as to shield the head of the royal victim, to conceal and ease its fall. The whole crowd could see Louis XVI.'s head fall."

This narrative throws doubt on the authenticity of one of those phrases which history seems to have snatched from oblivion only that future generations might prove them apocryphal. "Son of St. Louis,

rise to heaven," has always been supposed to be the farewell of Abbé Edgeworth to the dying sovereign. But Victor Hugo, or, more strictly speaking, Leboucher, appears to relegate this majestic utterance to the limbo of things not said. This is his account:

"At the moment when the head of Louis XVI. fell, Abbé Edgeworth was still near the king. Blood spattered on him. He hastily put on his brown overcoat, descended from the scaffold, and was lost in the crowd. . . . The poor priest . . . walked on as a man in a dream, scarcely knowing whither he was going. . . . The royalists who joined him and who had been present at the execution surrounded him and reminded him of his farewell remarks addressed to the king. But, curiously enough, these memorable words left no trace on the mind of him who had pronounced them. 'We heard them,' said these witnesses, still moved and shuddering, of the catastrophe. 'It is quite possible,' he replied, 'but I do not remember them.' Abbé Edgeworth lived to a ripe age without ever being able to say whether he had pronounced these words."

The sudden death of Madame Michelet in May did not come unexpectedly to her friends. The excessive labor of preparing the ceremonies last June in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the historian overtaxed her strength. I saw her frequently at that time and did not believe that she could perform the various duties required of her. She accomplished it by spending several hours each day in bed; and when it was all over, she remarked to me one afternoon: "Now I am ready to die." And I must admit that she did look utterly worn out. But there was one other thing that she wished to accomplish before passing away. For months she had been preparing, as I wrote you once or twice last year, a volume which might be entitled, "*The Love-Letters of an Historian*." Late last autumn I cycled out to the quiet little country home of the Michelets on the edge of the Meudon forest, with a message from an English publisher concerning the translation of this book. Mme. Michelet admitted that she had made but little progress with the work; and it was evidently left incomplete when she died, for I noticed by the advertisements that, when it appeared a few days ago, it was edited by M. Gabriel Monod.

THEODORE STANTON.

"An Intellectual Phenomenon" *

THE estimate the Grand Old Man made of the Grand Young Man, the estimate that Gladstone made of Parnell as we have it from Mr. Barry O'Brien in his life of the late Irish leader, might be readily accepted by those who know of Parnell's personality from hearsay only, and, it may be also added, by those who saw him in the hour of battle.

* "The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell, 1846-1891." By R. Barry O'Brien. New York: Harper & Brothers.

But it will surprise a great number of people who saw and met Mr. Parnell superficially. Gladstone, it appears, ranked Parnell on a level with, or but little lower than, Daniel O'Connell, and placed him distinctly before Grattan.

Both O'Connell and Grattan had strong personalities, but they were agreeable ones, O'Connell having something of the massive force and fascination of Daniel Webster, while Grattan was a highly polished and most agreeable man. Moreover, both of them were men of learning, and both showed that something which comes of gentle blood. How different from them was Parnell! To meet him was like being introduced to a tortoise, or some animal with cold blood which can remain for hours in the same position and seems absolutely uninterested, not only in the person who approaches, but in the world in general. To meet Parnell superficially was to meet a man made up of negatives. His ardent followers, like the author of this Life, who saw him put to the test, perceived a very different quality and grew to reverence him; but the impression he made upon the world at large was that of an insignificant and wooden person, if not an utterly cold and selfish one.

These estimates of Parnell, as far asunder one from the other as the poles, would indicate that he was a most extraordinary character, and it will not astonish his intimates at all to read that in 1897, in an interview with Mr. Barry O'Brien, the great British Liberal leader said to him with much energy: "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met. I do not say the ablest man, I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon. He was unlike anyone I ever met. He did things and said things unlike other men. His ascendancy over his party was extraordinary. There has never been anything like it in my experience in the House of Commons."

One of the most extraordinary things about Parnell was the fact that he became a leader in the House of Commons, where classical learning and the knowledge of history are still of great importance, where an absence of knowledge is at once recognized and laid up against the man who betrays his ignorance. But every now and then Parnell would say something which exposed, as by a lightning flash, the extraordinary and almost unbelievable ignorance that was in him concerning the history not only of Great Britain but of Ireland. He who on the paternal side descended from poets and judges seemed to hate books, and remained till his death in a state of ignorance of history which was, one might almost say, phenomenal. Neither was he naturally a very good or kind man. Neither the expression of his face nor the conduct of his life indicated a man who was anxious to improve the condition of his fellow-man; indeed, no one need suppose that Parnell cared a button for humanity. But can we say that he really cared greatly even for his fellow-Irishmen? I think not.

Nevertheless one cannot read this Life of Parnell and his published speeches without perceiving that he was engaged to the last atom of his physical being and the last vibration of his nerves in the battle for

Ireland, and being so engaged he never spared himself; therefore, in so far forth, he was sacrificing health and leisure for others than himself. There are all kinds of patriots, and Parnell was a very singular variety of patriot, perhaps so singular a variety that only Ireland could produce him; for there can be little question that Ireland now, as in the past thousand years, has ever been a country where the population produces the greatest extremes of character—the most pious and the most godless, the bravest and the most cowardly, the most self-sacrificing and the meanest, the brightest, the dullest.

Parnell was handicapped not only by his lack of learning and the clamminess of his manners, but by the fact that he was partly American. In his day it was not a passport to favor in Great Britain to be to any degree an American.

What, then, is the secret of this man's ascendancy over the jangling factions in the Irish party in Parliament and over the Irish populace in cities and on the land? Here was a man the very opposite of what had hitherto seemed to be the popular idea of Irishmen, not only no orator, but at first a bad speaker, and totally devoid, it seemed, of those delightful traits of wit and enthusiasm which are so often found the birthright of Irishmen. I think it was for the same reason that Ulysses Grant, whose exterior was so commonplace, who so entirely lacked the fascinations of the orator or the social favorite, became in the end the general round whom the Union rallied. Parnell's horizon was very narrow, but in that horizon he was master, and until the divorce of Mrs. O'Shea came to disturb the situation he was the virtual ruler of Ireland and compelled Gladstone himself to reckon with him. But an even closer parallel than Grant might be found here in the city of New York among certain leaders of Tammany Hall.

When I had the honor of a number of visits to Parliament, including a brief introduction to Parnell, it was curious to see the attitude toward him of the rest of the Irish party. I soon learned that he was very difficult to see, and when seen he was indifferent, if not cold and repellent. He never seemed to try to conceal his absolute contempt for the opinion of the rank and file of his party. He would propose three or four men for an important position and speak or send orders to them all; and at the last minute select one, tell him to go ahead, and notify the others to help that man. Apparently callous with regard to his own feelings, and completely absorbed in the great task before him of obtaining justice for Ireland, he never seemed to realize that others were not as callous as himself; it may be that when the time for parting came, when the clergy deserted him owing to his conduct with Mrs. O'Shea, this indifference he had shown to the feelings of others made it easy for his followers to abandon him.

But what was the original mainspring of Parnell's action in throwing himself into the contest with England for Ireland's rights?—that is what one asks while reading Mr. Barry O'Brien's very excellent Life. It seems to me that as an American as well as an Irishman, although

he did not deeply care for his fellow-Irishmen, Parnell was forced out of his indifference and selfishness by the contemptible manner and the unwarrantable speech which many Britons used to show and hold with respect to all things Irish. I judge that Parnell was not easily moved, but when the barb of the sneer finally reached his sensitiveness he became the implacable enemy of his assailants. In other words, I do not believe that the crying injustice under which Ireland suffered affected Parnell half so much, or indeed would have affected him at all, had he not suffered personally under the galling produced by the measureless impertinence and dull malevolence hurled by Britons against Ireland and the Irish.

But when he had studied the situation thoroughly and become the representative of the people of Ireland in their old contest with the landowners and the British Parliament he experienced a change. Years of struggle for others educated him to the point where his indifference, callousness, and selfishness melted under the heat of enthusiasm for a great cause; there can be no doubt that a genuine passion for the betterment of the Irish people possessed him. Still, that passion was not strong enough to open his eyes to the wisdom of yielding to the storm. Had he done so, had he retired at once from the leadership, there can be little doubt that he would have been forced at a later date, say after his marriage to Mrs. O'Shea, to resume his old place at the head of Ireland. No one but Timothy Healy approached him in the qualities of leadership, and owing to various reasons that able man could never command for any length of time the hearty support of the other Irish leaders. But that unbending obstinacy which made him so strong in the fight before, proved his undoing at this critical moment, and while his fight against the clergy in Ireland and the Nonconformists and Gladstone in England was gallant, it was bad strategy and seemed to spring from personal pride rather than a lofty regard for the interests of the people. Take it all in all, the career of Parnell is a drama such as a novelist might envy; Daudet suggested something similar in "Numa Roumestan" when the divorce threatening that popular Minister brings him to the verge of ruin.

CHARLES DE KAY.

Seumas MacManus

Shanachy of Donegal

IN the preface to his "Through the Turf Smoke," Mr. MacManus tells us that the shanachy is "a singer of songs and teller of tales," and in that title, though perhaps in a broader sense, he has happily defined himself. The shanachy is the hearthside minstrel of Ireland, but no longer known except in the few remaining primitive sections. Donegal remains primitive. It is the extreme northwest county of the Isle and makes a wayward little arm of land dipping out into an impetuous sea beyond a forbidding crest of boundary mountains. It is

practically shut off. Gaelic is still spoken there to a great extent and the old traditions are practised. The legends of a thousand years have been transmitted by living lips to succeeding generations. It was at the feet of the neighborhood shanachy that Mr. MacManus so well learned the story-teller's art that in time he became the shanachy of Donegal—the best teller of tales within its confines.

In those days he was the "Master," or village school-teacher, and such a book-lover that he thought nothing of trudging a matter of twenty miles over the mountains to procure one of the thumb-worn volumes the barren district afforded. Such training and desire could have but one vent—he began writing. His poems and sketches appeared in the local paper, and for them he received the proud compensation of seeing his work in print, although with diffident uncertainty he signed it with the pseudonym of "Mac." He himself published his first book, and under a fictitious imprint, in his native village of Montcharles. It was a collection of poems which he called "Shuilers [vagrants] from Heathy Hills." It did not make him famous, but it opened the door to different publications, and when he was ready to issue a book of tales a London publisher took them in hand. Then there happened a great day to Donegal and its citizens: a reporter from a London newspaper came to interview "Mac," and in due time there appeared a four-column article and a picture of "Mac's" birthplace, with a bit of the winding street they all knew so well. Other books followed: "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," "The Humours of Donegal," "'T was in Dhroll Donegal," and "The Bend of the Road." The critics found an unique freshness in them and a humor of homely permanency. The "Master" gave up the village school and for the past two years has entirely devoted his time to writing.

But it has been in the United States that he has had his best success and what may be termed his decisive success. Coming to this country last October on a business matter, he incidentally put a number of manuscripts in his trunk; he disposed of them immediately, and the complexion of his business changed by its quickly becoming that of the manuscripts. He remained in New York six months and during that time secured representation in nearly every one of the leading periodicals, the *Century* and *Harper's Magazine* each taking a series of his Irish tales. His book, "Through the Turf Smoke," published this spring by the Doubleday & McClure Company, went into its third edition in less than two months. The same publishers have made arrangements for a serial story from his pen and have in press for fall publication a collection of folk-tales to be profusely illustrated and printed in colors. Before sailing for home, Mr. MacManus signed a contract for a tour of this country next winter, for readings from his own stories and poems.

The charm of Mr. MacManus's work is its quality of being near to the soil, its absolute freshness of presentation, and its naive sympathetic intimacy. One does not see from the outside but from within, be-

coming a conspirator with the merry villain and entering the varying plot with human interest. Perhaps this is because Mr. MacManus writes mainly from reminiscence; he knows the wedding, the spree, the wake, the fair, as one to the manner born; he has heard the folktale as a lullaby and listened to the poems of Ossian at the feet of the shanachy who had likewise learned them by word of mouth. He sees nothing incongruous in the rites still practised by the Donegal peasantry for the propitiation of fairies, although his faith in them is not implicit. The poetry and quaint mysticism of it are picturesque and he would not surrender that. He is a little brother to the soil, elemental as Burns was elemental—the voice, able to express itself, of whole generations of a beauty-loving, light-hearted, toiling people. For Donegal is so poor that its poverty has passed into a proverb for the rest of the Island:

"In Donegal,
They eat potatoes, skins and all."

They are simple fisher-folk and modest husbandmen, yet proud and clannish, patriotic and droll, optimistic and human. They are so primitive that they are cosmic.

Mr. MacManus has all these qualities with a positive and definite perception of them. He has immense vitality and personal projection; he has a way of going directly to the nucleus of anything, separating it from irrelevancies and detail. He has no place for superfluities; he quickly knows when it "is another story," and uses it as such. He has an intense love for the Gaelic and its literature; he reproduces its idioms and typical words in his expressions and selects the soft lyrical effects of its diction. He is prolific and versatile.

Mr. MacManus is young—just turned thirty,—tall, and fair, and of rugged physique. He looks more like a Teuton than a Celt, but he rejoices in a brogue as good as a map of Ireland for means of identification. He is self-contained and self-controlled, with the accredited Irish aggressiveness become purposeful in himself. To his friends—and he has many—he represents a *bon camaraderie* of heart and head, naive and sympathetic. As the popularity of his work promises an addition to present literature and particularly to dialect literature, it is to be accounted well that it is to be presented by a writer of native power and of normal, truthful, and positive tendencies. Art is a great deal, but artlessness is refreshing, betimes.

REGINA ARMSTRONG.

The New Theism

THE race of men is at the point of taking another step forward in the spiritual march, and he who can help us to take that step is the benefactor of his age. Many men feel deeply grateful to Mr. John Fiske* for having helped them to adjust their intellectual convic-

* "Through Nature to God." New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tions to their religious instincts,—as no one else of our day has done. This generation owes him a debt as to a *Defensor fidei*. This latest book of Mr. Fiske's is timely. Evolution and monism have brought some perplexity and confusion into the world of religious thought. Dr. Fiske helps clear this away. His chapters upon the relativity of evil in a world of growth, and upon the morality of nature, are precious. They are also deeply and tenderly reverent.

The climax of the book is the ingenious and original argument to which all the preliminaries lead, and that argument is in proof of the reality of religion. After tracing religion back to a period anterior to the glacial age, and assumed to be coëval with humanity, and after subsequently pointing out the impossibility of fancying what the evolution of man, social and individual, intellectual and moral, would have been, had not religion been the most forceful factor of the development of mankind, Mr. Fiske concludes in this masterly manner: "To suppose that during countless ages, from the seaweed up to Man, the progress of life was achieved through adjustments to external realities, but that then the method was all at once changed and throughout a vast province of evolution the end was secured through adjustments to external non-realities, is to do sheer violence to logic and common sense." In a word, the supposition of the unreality of God and the human soul, of their mutual moral relations, and probable persistence in conscious related life beyond this world, through indefinite duration, any assumption against the truth or reality of these postulates, be it repeated, is against probability, or reason, or the laws of nature.

Mr. Woodberry's purpose in this volume * is "to show how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit." So he says, and for this reason we put his book alongside Mr. Fiske's simpler and profounder work. Mr. Woodberry deals not in metaphysics, nor in metempirics, but in a literary fooling pleasing and soothing to any who dwell in a land where it is always a summer afternoon. Taormina of Sicily is such a spot. There in the drowsy stillness of the summer day, as you gaze out upon the glittering Midland Sea, its miraculous blue dashed with glittering Semele-showers, gather around one the friendly ghosts of Andromachus and Timoleon, of Tyndarion and Pyrrhus. The Saracen and the Norseman ghosts, too, crowd about, to resist the Roman Pompey, Antony and Octavian, who invoke the Cyclops from their neighboring caves. These fancies and much more arise out of "the heart of man." All come from God through the human heart. "A New Defence of Poetry" is the *pièce de résistance* of the book. The "defence," and the novelty of it, are just this: The ideal is all that we know, the ideal is the world of beautiful order, Kosmos the old Greeks called it, and disorder belonging to what we do not know is extruded from the sphere of the ideal. Poetry is the literature of idealism, and disorder is relegated to the literature of realism. The defence is not exceeding novel, and its truth

* "Heart of Man." New York: The Macmillan Co.

is only specious. Plato, Sidney, and John Milton did not construct syllogisms after that plan, but Mr. Woodberry distances any one of these poor dead men in the matter of an epigrammatic style. Also it is true that the ideal arises out of the human heart and speaks through the mouth of prophet-poets in any age. This, too, belongs to God and to evolution, which is to say, God's creation of His world.

Mr. Woodberry's last little piece is on "Democracy." Ah, yes! *Vox populi, vox Dei*. We have heard that too often to believe it true. Mr. Woodberry does, so likewise does Mr. Fiske. In the long run it does turn out to be true. Meanwhile the heart of the people sometimes lies, sometimes cannot find immediate expression. It may take a hundred years, a thousand years, for God to say one complete word through humanity, whether in its history, its literature, or its religion.

"Doubt is the blinding mist that rises between man's spiritual vision and the eternal truth. Sin is the gulf that separates man's moral character from the divine ideal." With these words the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke opens his volume* on the "Gospel for a World of Sin." They are words which indicate the transition from one step to the next in this series. Dr. Van Dyke's treatment is distinctly homiletical. Probably these chapters are old sermons or parts of sermons thrown together. The distinguished author does not seek painfully after novelties of thought or after profound theories. He writes as the average man to the average man. There is, in reality, nothing more that need be said about these blameless and edifying homilies. No doubt they, like the Rev. Dr. Talmadge's syndicate sermons, may save some sinner from the error of his ways. That alone would justify their publication.

The substance of all these books is that we mistake if we set a gulf between the natural and the supernatural. This is the ancient error of the Manicheans. The longer the world ponders the parable of the prodigal son the more fully it believes the old dictum, *Anima naturaliter Christiana*. This is the outworking of the new theism of the Divine Immanence.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

* "The Gospel for a World of Sin." New York: The Macmillan Co.



Book Reviews

Shakespeariana

1. *Life of Shakespeare*. By Sidney Lee. New York: The Macmillan Co. (second notice). 2. *Shakespeare in France under the Ancient Régime*. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

IN the review of Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" (1) in THE CRITIC for February, I referred only briefly to his theory of the Sonnets, which occupies about one-third of the book and deserves further consideration.

Mr. Lee believes that the great majority of the sonnets were written between the spring of 1593 and the autumn of 1594: to very few of them "can a date later than 1594 be allotted with confidence." They are autobiographical only in a limited sense. Most of them are "little more than professional trials of skill, often of superlative merit, to which the poet deemed himself challenged by the efforts of contemporary practitioners." From 1591 to 1597 "sonnet-sequences" were the fashion, and Shakespeare, "who habitually kept abreast of the currents of contemporary literary taste," followed the fashion. He was only thirty years old, and "his occasional reference to his growing age [as in xxii., lxii., lxxiii. and cxxxviii.] was a conventional device—traceable to Petrarch—of all sonneteers of the day, and admits of no literal interpretation." The edition of 1609 was surreptitious, and the sonnets were "put together at haphazard." The dedication was the publisher's, and was "couched in the bombastic language which was habitual to him." The "Mr. W. H." to whom the dedication is addressed was a Mr. William Hall, who is called the "begetter" of the poems because he procured them for publication. For this service Thorpe the publisher "wishes him 'all happiness' and 'eternitie,' such eternity as Shakespeare in the text of the sonnets conventionally foretold for his own verse." Though few of the sonnets "can be safely regarded as autobiographic revelations of sentiment," many of them refer to the author's relations to a patron, and this patron was the Earl of Southampton, to whom the "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" had been dedicated in 1593 and 1594. The first seventeen sonnets refer to the efforts of Southampton's friends in 1590 to arrange a marriage for him with Lady Elizabeth Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford—a plan which came to naught. The "dark lady" was probably a creature of the poet's fancy: "he may have met in real life a dark-complexioned siren, and it is possible that he may have fared ill at her disdainful hands," but no such incident is needed to account for the presence of the lady in the sonnets. The theory that she was Mary Fitton, a mistress of the Earl of Pembroke, is a "baseless conjecture."

There are grave, and, to my thinking, fatal objections to Mr. Lee's theory.

If the sonnets were mostly written in 1593 and 1594, and were mere poetical exercises, with no more of personal reference than Mr. Lee assumes, it is passing strange that Shakespeare should not have published them fifteen years before they were brought out by the pirate Thorpe. He must have written them for publication if that was their character, and the extraordinary popularity of his earlier poems would have ensured them a favorable reception with the public. His fellow-townsman and friend, Richard Field, who had published the "Venus and Adonis" in 1593 and the "Lucrece" in 1594, and who must have known of the circulation of the sonnets in manuscript, would have urged him to publish them; or, if the author had declined to let them be printed, some pirate, like Jaggard or Thorpe, would have done it long before 1609. Mr. Lee tells us that Sidney, Watson, Daniel, and Constable circulated their sonnets for some time in manuscript, but he tells us also that the pirates generally got hold of them and published them within a few years if the authors did not do it. But the history of "The Passionate Pilgrim" shows that it was not so easy to obtain copies of Shakespeare's sonnets for publication. It was the success of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" (the fourth edition of the former being issued in 1599 and the second of the latter in 1598), which prompted Jaggard to compile "The Passionate Pilgrim" in 1599; and it is a significant fact that he was able to rake together only ten poems which can possibly be Shakespeare's, and three of these were from "Love's Labour's Lost," which had been published in 1598. To these ten pieces he added ten others (eleven, as ordinarily printed) which he impudently called Shakespeare's, though we know that most of them were stolen and can trace some of them to their authors. His book bears evidence in its very make-up that he was hard pushed to fill the pages and give the purchaser a tolerable six-pence-worth. The matter is printed on but one side of the leaf, and is further spun out by putting a head-piece and tail-piece on every page, so that a dozen lines of text sandwiched between these convenient pictorial devices may make as fair a show as double the quantity would ordinarily present.

Note, however, that, with all his pickings and stealings, Jaggard managed to secure but two of the sonnets, though more than a hundred of them were probably in existence among the author's "private friends," as Meres expressed it a year before. The pirate Newman, in 1591, was able to print one hundred and eight sonnets by Sidney which had been circulated in manuscript, and to add to them twenty-eight by Daniel without the author's knowledge. For other similar instances the reader may be referred to Mr. Lee's book. How, then, are we to explain the fact that Jaggard could obtain only two of Shakespeare's sonnets, five years or more after they had been circulating among his friends? Is it not evident that the poems must have been carefully guarded by these friends on account of their personal and private character. A dozen more of those sonnets would have filled out Jaggard's "larcenous bundle of verse," and have obviated the necessity of pilfering from Barnfield, Griffin, Marlowe, and the rest; but at the time they were in such close confidential keeping that he could get no copies of them. In the course of years they were shown to a larger and larger number of "private friends," and with the multiplication of copies the chances of their getting outside of that confidential circle were proportionally increased. We need not be

surprised, then, that a decade later somebody had succeeded in obtaining copies of them all, and sold the collection to Thorpe.

Even if we suppose that the sonnets had been impersonal, and that Shakespeare for some reason that we cannot guess, had wished to withhold them from the press, we may be sure that he could not have done it in that day of imperfect copyright restrictions. Nothing could have kept a hundred and fifty poems by so popular an author out of print if there had not been strong personal reasons for maintaining their privacy. At least seven editions of the "Venus and Adonis" and four of the "Lucrece" appeared before Thorpe was able to secure "copy" for his edition of the sonnets.

If, as Mr. Lee asserts, Southampton was the "patron" to whom twenty of the sonnets which may be called "dedicatory" sonnets (xxiii., xxvi., xxxii., xxxvii., xxxviii., lxix., lxxvii.-lxxxvi., c., ci., ciii., and cvi.) are addressed, it is all the more remarkable that Shakespeare should not have published them, or, if he hesitated to do it, that his noble patron should not have urged it. He had already dedicated both the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece" to Southampton; and Mr. Lee says that "three of the twenty dedicatory sonnets [xxvi., xxxii., and xxxviii.] merely translate into the language of poetry the expressions of devotion which had already done duty in the dedicatory epistle in verse that precedes 'Lucrece.'" Other sonnet-sequences of the time (including the four mentioned by Mr. Lee as pirated while circulated in manuscript, except Sidney's which were not thus published until after his death) were brought out by their authors, with dedications to noble lords or ladies. Shakespeare's sonnets, so far as I am aware, are the only exception to the rule.

Mr. Lee himself admits that "at a first glance a far larger proportion of Shakespeare's sonnets give the reader the illusion of personal confessions than those of any contemporary"; and elsewhere he recognizes in them more "intensity" than appears in the earlier poems except in "occasional utterances" of Lucrece; but, for all that, he would have us believe that they are not personal, and that their "superior and more evenly sustained energy is to be attributed, not to the accession of power that comes with increase of years, but to the innate principles of the poetic form, and to metrical exigencies which impelled the sonneteer to aim at a uniform condensation of thought and language." I cannot help agreeing with those who regard their personal character as no "illusion," and who believe that they clearly show the increase of power which comes with years, their true date probably being 1597-98 rather than 1593-94.

For myself, I could as soon believe the penitential psalms of David to be purely rhetorical and fictitious as the 129th sonnet, than which no more remorseful utterance was ever wrung from a soul that had tasted the ashes to which the Sodom-apples of illicit love are turned in the end. Have we there nothing but the "admirable fooling" of the actor masquerading in the garb of the penitent, or the satirist mimicking the conceits and affectations of the sonneteers of the time? If you take this to be the counterfeit of feeling, I can only exclaim with Leonato in "Much Ado," "O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion!"

The attempt to identify "Mr. W. H." with the publisher's hack, William Hall, seems only a trifle less absurd than to suppose, as somebody has done, that he was William Hart, the poet's nephew (who, as it happens, was not born until a year after the sonnets in "The Passionate Pilgrim" were printed, and was only nine years old when

the whole collection was published), or, like the German Barnstoff, to assume that "W. H." stands for "William Himself." The only evidence, if it can be called evidence, in favor of Mr. Lee's identification are the facts that this William Hall was probably on familiar terms with Thorpe, was "engaged at much the same time in the same occupation of procuring manuscripts for publication," and employed the same printer. But, though Thorpe was "bombastic" in his dedications, and might wish to Hall "all happiness" and even "eternitie," it is unlikely that he would wish him that "eternitie promised by our ever-living poet." Promised to whom? Mr. Lee refers it to the eternity that Shakespeare in the sonnets "conventionally foretold for his own verse"; but this interpretation is a "trick of desperation" to force the expression into consistency with his theory. It plainly means "promised in the sonnets to the person to whom they are addressed." This promise is far more prominent in the sonnets than that of their own immortality, which, indeed, is made dependent on the enduring fame of the youth who is their theme and inspirer.

If it were proved beyond a doubt that "Mr. W. H." was William Hall or some other person who secured the sonnets for Thorpe, I should none the less believe that Herbert rather than Southampton was their "patron" and subject. The only facts worth mentioning in favor of Southampton are that the earlier poems were dedicated to him, and that certain personal allusions in the sonnets can be made to refer to him if we suppose them to have been written some four years before their more probable date. But Mr. Lee himself admits that these allusions are equally applicable to Herbert. "Both," he says, "enjoyed wealth and rank, both were regarded by admirers as cultivated, both were self-indulgent in their relations with women, and both in early manhood were indisposed to marry, owing to habits of gallantry." It may be added that both were noted for personal beauty, though Mr. Lee thinks that Francis Davison's reference to the beauty of Herbert in a sonnet addressed to him in 1602 is "cautiously qualified" in the lines:

" [His] outward shape, though it most lovely be,
Doth in fair robes a fairer soul attire."

Anybody who had not a theory to defend would see that the eulogy of the "fairer soul" enhances instead of "qualifying" the compliment to the "most lovely" person. This is a good illustration of Mr. Lee's perverse twisting of quotations for the purposes of his argument. He even finds a reference to Southampton's long hair (shown in his portrait) in the 68th sonnet, where Shakespeare "points to the youth's face as a map of what beauty was 'without all ornament, itself and true,' before fashion sanctioned the use of artificial 'golden tresses'"—though this is only one out of several illustrations of the poet's antipathy to false hair. See "Love's Labour's Lost," iv., 3, 258; "Merchant of Venice," iii., 2, 95; and "Timon of Athens," iv., 3, 144.

It is curious, by the way, that when Herbert was seventeen his parents were trying to negotiate a marriage for him with Bridget Vere, a younger sister of the Elizabeth Vere whom Southampton's friends wished him to marry in 1590. The probable date of the first seventeen sonnets favors the theory that they refer to the former rather than the latter attempt at match-making. The space at my command will not permit a review of the arguments for this later date of the entire series of sonnets, in addition to a fact already mentioned that the poems were kept out of print so long.

Mr. Lee, as already stated, dates some of the sonnets much later than 1593-94. He believes, for instance, with Mr. Gerald Massey, that the 107th was written in 1603, and refers to the death of Elizabeth and the release of Southampton from prison on the accession of James. "The mortal moon" of the sonnet is Elizabeth, whose "recognized poetic appellation" was Cynthia (the moon); and her death is more than once described as an eclipse. But the sonnet tells us that the moon "hath her eclipse *endured*" and come out none the less bright—which could hardly refer to death; and the supposed allusion to the imprisonment of the poet's friend is extremely fanciful. Let the reader refer to the sonnet and judge for himself.

Mr. Lee rejects Mr. Tyler's theory that the "dark lady" was Mary Fitton on the strength of Lady Newdigate's assertion that her portraits represent her as fair; but it is not clearly proved as yet that these are really portraits of Mary, and neither Lady Newdigate (in her "Gossip from a Muniment Room") nor Mr. Lee refers to the fact (apparently well established) that remnants of paint on the statue of Mary, on the family monument in Gawsworth church, indicate that she *was* dark. Mr. Tyler's other arguments in favor of his theory remain unshaken, so far as I am aware; and whether we accept the theory at present or not, it seems, as Dr. Furnivall and others have said, the most plausible solution of the problem that has been suggested. Certainly Mr. Lee has not given us a better one.

I must not take space to discuss other of Mr. Lee's arguments, as I intended to do. I will only add that, while I believe the sonnets are autobiographical, I doubt (and have given reasons for it in my edition of the sonnets) whether they were all addressed to one man and one woman, and whether all that *are* addressed to these persons are in the proper order. I also think it probable that some of the others may have been written at a period considerably later than 1597-98.

The history of Shakespeare in France (2) down almost to our own day might be put into a chapter as brief as the famous one on snakes in Ireland. Shakespeare was unknown in France; but M. Jusserand nevertheless has made an interesting book of nearly five hundred pages on the subject.

In 1645, twenty-nine years after Shakespeare died, and thirteen years after the second folio edition of his complete works had been published in England, Jean Blaeu published the fourth part of his "Théâtre du Monde," a magnificent work describing all countries of the earth. Stratford-on-Avon gets a paragraph in this ponderous gazetteer, to wit:

"The Avon passes against Stratford, a rather agreeable little trading place, which owes all its glory to two of its nurslings, John de Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, who built a church there, and Hugh de Clopton, judge at London, who threw across the Avon, at great cost, a bridge of fourteen arches."

A hundred and twenty years later, in 1765, the fifteenth volume of the "Encyclopédie" gives five columns to Stratford, almost entirely devoted to the "sublime genius" whose name and fame now make the town a Mecca for pilgrims from all parts of the civilized world.

As our author says, the change is a striking one, and the causes of it, "the varying events which brought it about, the quarrels, which attended it, and in which the most illustrious men of letters in France and England took part, are well worthy of attention." They have been studied to some extent in former works, but never so ably and so thoroughly as in the volume before us.

If Shakespeare was ignored in France in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the same was true of English poets generally; and this notwithstanding the constant intercourse between the two countries and the fact that poets and other authors were often ambassadors from the one to the other. There were also frequent marriages between the royal and aristocratic families of both countries. Many Englishmen of note visited France, sometimes residing there for a year or more. Scotchmen, like Major and Buchanan, filled chairs in French universities. There was also considerable travel from France to England. Guide-books began to appear for these tourists, like *Paradin's*, in Latin, in 1545, and *Perlin's*, in French, in 1558. The latter refers to the two English universities as "Cambruche" and "Auxonne," and to certain "milors" as "Notumbellant, Ouardon, Grek, and Suphor" (Northumberland, Warton, Grey, and Suffolk).

Some of the best French writers in prose and verse, like Jacques Grévin, Ronsard, and Brantôme, were among these tourists, but in the record of their impressions of England we find no mention of literary men whom they met or heard of. Brantôme was greatly interested in some dogs which he recognized as of French breed, but though he saw the two or three great theatres newly built in London (when there was only one in Paris) he has nothing to say of them or of the actors and dramatists connected with them.

"Very different were the results of this intercourse in the two countries. While English literature continued to be ignored in France, French literature was familiar to everybody in London. . . . Spenser copies Marot, translates the Roman sonnets of Du Bellay, and borrows from French literature the idea of his royal and noble shepherds. . . . Rabelais, 'that merryman Rablays,' is famous in London—famous enough to be a cause of anxiety to moralists. Ronsard figures on the most elegant desks; James VI. has a copy of his works, which comes from his mother, Mary Stuart. Montaigne is translated and becomes familiar to Shakespeare; Du Bartas becomes more celebrated in England than in France. . . . But there was no reciprocity, English was a language unknown in France; English literature was, to Parisian men of letters, as though it did not exist. . . . Anglo-French vocabularies and grammars were compiled during the sixteenth century, sometimes by English sometimes by French people: all these were meant to teach French to the English, and not the reverse. The need of English grammar was by no means felt in France."

This indifference to English was not due to any lack of interest in foreign lands and languages. The French were exceedingly curious concerning "foreign arts, strange countries, forgotten literatures, new systems and inventions." At the time when an English grammar was a novelty, books were printed to teach the language of Brazil, and Ronsard dreamed of going to South America, where man lived innocently, "free of garments and wickedness both" ("D'habits tout aussi nu qu'il est nu de malice").

Du Bartas, to whom allusion is made above, was the one French poet who, as M. Jusserand notes, "came nearest making his compatriots suspect that there was such a thing as an English literature." In his second "Semaine," after having given an account of other literatures, he comes to the English; but, surveying its conditions at the period when he was writing, he can name only three writers as "the pillars of the English language"—More, Bacon, and "the sweet-singing swan" ("cygne doux-chantant"), Sidney, who was his friend and correspondent. Only one poet does he mention except in this brief way, and that was James VI. of Scotland, whom he compliments as the "eagle," the "phenix," the "sure guide to the heaven of poetry," and whose Latin poem on the battle of Lepanto he translated into French.

It is to be noted that this ignorance of English literature was limited to works in the vernacular. The philosophers and historians who wrote in Latin were well-known and appreciated in Paris under their Latin names—Morus, Camdenus, Seldenus, etc. More's "Utopia" was published in Paris before it appeared in London, and was translated into French earlier than into English. Bacon's Latin works were as famous in France as at home. But nothing that any of these men had written in English was known on the other side of the Channel.

"Thus it came to pass that, at the time of Shakespeare, the French stage could be influenced by the ancients, the Italians, and the Spaniards, but not at all by the English. In both countries the starting-points were very close together. Great differences were doubtless to be expected as dramatic art developed, on account of differences in the genius of the two countries; but those differences were increased by the total ignorance in France of what was going on in England.

"Both arts followed for a time very dissimilar paths. In both countries clever people, worshipful critics, men of knowledge, had given the verdict in favor of Renaissance, antiquity, and rules, against Middle Ages, Gothic barbarity, and unbridled freedom. In both countries people protested and rebelled against Aristotle and his exponents; but what of that? They were men of 'small Latin and less Greek.'"

It is curious that for some time "gothicity" seemed to have the better chance of victory in France. It had the advantage of holding the stage during the sixteenth century and the early part of the seventeenth, at the one theatre that Paris then possessed. The lessees of that playhouse threw their influence in favor of mediæval art. The early classical dramatists, Jodelle, Garnier, and Grévin, could not get their plays performed; while English actors who came in 1598 were able to get a lease of what was still the only theatre. The foreigners, however, had but little success on account of the general ignorance of their language. This compelled them to depend largely on music, comical gesticulation, and acrobatic antics. What their plays were history has not recorded, but it is doubtful whether anything of Shakespeare's was included in the list. When Ben Jonson visited Paris in 1613 he appears to have made a reputation as a drinker, not as a dramatist. The only playwright of Great Britain who influenced the French stage at all was "that Franco-Scotchman, George Buchanan, the author of 'Jephthes, sive Votum' and 'Baptistes, sive Calumnia.'"

Such was the state of things in 1616, when Shakespeare died. Classicism was now winning the battle in France, while it was rapidly losing ground in England. "English classical dramatists soon became curiosities; irregular dramatists are soon to become curiosities on the French side of the Channel." As M. Jusserand says, after dwelling upon the details of the campaign, in which the "irregulars" did not yield without a struggle:

"The whole nation, chiefs and all, thirsted for regularity and good order; Malherbe's poetry had put Ronsard's into the shade. . . . The defeat of the independents was inevitable, because the nation was less and less on their side. The hour had come: the first man who should write for the general public dramas according to rule would be welcome, even if he lacked genius, and he was welcomed; he was Jean de Mairret. The critics expected and heralded him. We must follow rules, said Chapelain in 1630, while still young (Boileau was not yet born): they have in their favor 'the practice of the ancients, followed, with universal consent, by all Italians.' . . . For the Italians were not less known in Paris than the Spanish independents; their books were read and their comedies applauded; eight Italian troupes appeared in Paris from 1595 to 1624. Mairret . . . studied the Italians, and said that 'they had no greater secret than to submit to laws similar to those of the ancient Greeks and Latins, whose rules they had observed more religiously than we have heretofore.' Let us follow their example, adopt rules, and especially 'the most rigorous of all,' that of the unity of time."

So Mairet produced his "Silvanire" in 1631, which pleased the cultivated and critical, and in 1634 his "Sophonisbe," which captivated the general public as well. "The play was poor, but regular, and it was rapturously extolled." A few years later Richelieu threw his powerful influence in favor of the new movement. He fitted up a theatre in his palace (afterwards the Palais Royal), where in 1639 he produced "Mirame," a classical tragedy written by himself in conjunction with his favorite poet, Desmaret de Saint Sorlin.

If any one could have turned the current setting so strong for classicism, Corneille was the man to do it, but though his "Cid" dazzled the public, it did not gain their approval, and the author had to bow to their decision. Shakespeare, though Ben Jonson said he "wanted art," followed the bent of his genius because he had the public with him, and Jonson, "the partisan of the ancients," was compelled to yield to the popular demand in order to get an audience. "Corneille murmured at rules, as Jonson did at Shakespeare's ignorance of them, but he was finally obliged to acknowledge himself beaten and submit to authority."

And so it went on. "Rules imposed themselves more and more imperiously on the greatest geniuses of the age—upon Racine and Molière." No wonder that Shakespeare had no chance in Paris, and that even his name does not appear in French literature of the time until 1685, when it is merely mentioned without comment in a list of English poets in Baillet's "Les Jugements des Savants."

Not to follow our author's minute history to the end of the seventeenth century, suffice it to say that it was not until the early years of the eighteenth that French writers began to discuss Shakespeare's plays and to recognize some merit in them, though they criticised him more than they praised him. In 1726 Voltaire went to England, where he saw some of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, "Hamlet" among the number. "In spite of his prejudices, his literary sense was too keen for him not to feel all there was of truth, of strength, and of life in that drama"; but it seemed to him "like a bushy tree planted by Nature, throwing out a thousand branches and growing unsymmetrically with strength." He considered that Shakespeare's merit had "ruined the English stage; there are such fine scenes, such grand and terrible parts, interspersed in those monstrous forces called tragedies that his plays have always been acted with great success." Later, he reproached himself for having written too favorably of the English dramatist, in the criticism from which this is a quotation. Shakespeare, as we know, became in his eyes a buffoon, a madman, a savage. There were not "enough foolscap, enough pillories in France for such a knave; and the worst of it is that the monster has a party in France, and, worse than the worst," adds Voltaire, "is that I was myself the first to speak of this Shakespeare; I was the first to show the French a few pearls that I had found in his enormous dunghill."

Of the "Anglomania" that had meanwhile pervaded France M. Jusserand gives a vivid account; but on this we must not dwell, nor on the successive translations which made Shakespeare's works better known to readers than the poor attempts to produce them on the stage. Chastellux's "Romeo and Juliet" ended with a reconciliation of the hostile families and the marriage of the hero and heroine, and adaptations of other of the plays were equally free and bad.

M. Jusserand's work does not formally carry the history beyond the eighteenth century, but in an "Epilogue" he brings it down briefly to the present time. In 1822 the attempt was made in Paris to

play "Hamlet" and "Othello" in English, but they were hissed from the stage. A second attempt in 1827 was a brilliant success; and subsequently "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," and other plays had similar good fortune. Shakespeare is now "admitted into the Pantheon of the literary gods.

His influence becomes more marked as the romantic movement spreads. Victor Hugo divides the history of humanity into three periods: periods of the ode, the epic, and the drama, represented by Moses, Homer, and Shakespeare." Dumas calls Shakespeare "the poet who has created most, next to God"; but, as our author adds, "for all his idolatry, he does not hesitate to treat the productions of this divine being rather unceremoniously." He dares not retain the reference to the mouse in "Hamlet," and the play must end happily; the Prince cannot be allowed to die. "To believe that Shakespeare has become acclimated in France, that his genius has penetrated and transformed the French mind, is an error. He is known, the beauty and grandeur of his poetry is felt," but "to demand anything more would be asking for an impossibility"—even of M. Jusserand himself, who, with all his admiration of Shakespeare, shows again and again that he neither comprehends nor enjoys the poet "in his entirety, nor in what is most personal in him."

The copious pictorial illustrations add greatly to the interest and value of the book, particularly to the chapters that deal with the early history of the French stage.

The translation is fair on the whole, but sometimes far from satisfactory, as some of our quotations may prove, even to those who have not read the original.

W. J. ROLFE.

Recent Fiction

1. *The Jamesons.* By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. 2. *The Greater Inclination.* By Edith Wharton Edwards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 3. *Mistress Content Cradock.* By A. E. Trumbull. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 4. *A Tent of Grace.* By A. C. Lust. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 5. *Tristram Lacy.* By W. H. Mallock. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Chapman & Hall. 6. *Pastor Naudis Young Wife.* By Édouard Rod. Translated by Bradley Gilman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 7. "More." By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane. 8. *When the Sleeper Wakes.* By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Bros. 9. *Idylls of the Sea.* By F. T. Bullen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; London: Grant Richards. 10. *In Vain.* By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 11. *The Stolen Story.* By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12. *The Awkward Age.* By Henry James. New York: Harper & Bros.; London: Wm. Heinemann. 13. *Tiverton Tales.* By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 14. *Ickery Ann and Other Girls and Boys.* By Elia W. Peattie. H. S. Stone & Co. 15. *A Double Thread.* By E. T. Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; London: Hutchinson & Co. 16. *Waters that Pass Away.* By N. B. Winston. New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co. 17. *The Archdeacon.* By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; London: C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 18. *Richard Carvel.* By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. 19. *Miss Cayley's Adventures.* By Grant Allen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Grant Richards.

We had come to think of Miss Wilkins as a cameo-worker, cutting, now with comic touch, now with pathetic, into the hard grain of New

England life. *The Jamesons* (1) is in a new manner. The figures are no less deftly traced, no less accurately outlined. They are merely cut deeper and broader. The comic that was constantly passing into pathetic, the pathos that verged always on the comic, have both disappeared before a new quality that can be characterized only as grotesque.

Mrs. Jameson, the nervous, dyspeptic, educator-cracker woman who burdens herself with the mission of elevating rustic Linnville, is not a character, but a caricature. The suspicion on the part of the reader that such a person has actually existed in real life would seem to be the one and sufficient reason that she should be refused existence in fiction. The touch of nature that might make her akin is lacking. The woollen socks that her unfortunate, scratching fowls are compelled to wear, and the hard-boiled eggs on which, for sanitary reasons, they are compelled to sit, are no less artificial than their absurd and self-important mistress. One remembers, it is true, all Cranford turning out to gaze at Miss Betsey Barker's blanketed cow. But Betsey Barker was only a side-light flashed for a moment on Cranford's sleepy ways. Mrs. Jameson looms, impossible, on every page. There is no getting around her, or over her, or out of her sight. She feeds and starves the pigs on alternate days to get the bacon fat and lean in streaks. She insists on cows with upper teeth, and "she ain't goin' to be hendered by any such little things as times an' seasons an' frost from raisin' corn an' green peas an' flowers in her garden."

Miss Wilkins's characters have often been exaggerated in type, but never in this hard, unshaded fashion. The pathetic oddities and humorous obstinacies of human nature, as she has hitherto revealed it, have been universal in appeal, true to the human heart in its fundamental experience, subtle as the changing light on gaunt mountain sides, tuneful as the summer wind among the blades of corn. The Jamesons of this new book seem to belong to quite another race of beings, the race of Josiah Allens, and Mark Twains, and Artemus Wards. When one reflects that "*The Jamesons*" first appeared in the pages of a popular domestic journal, it might seem that, in Miss Wilkins's case, the new tone is that of work done for hire.

Two hundred years ago things happened. Defoe, stringing together the fascinating series of events known as "*Captain Singleton*," was the artist of an age that found its play in events rather than in experience. Anything that could happen was vastly more interesting than anyone to whom it could happen. That a man's feelings—and a woman's—were material for art had not entered into the heart of man to conceive. That the hero was awed, or terrified, or callous in the midst of shipwreck was a thing for casual mention; that winds blew and waves bellowed, masts snapped and leaks sprung were things of moment. It is a far cry from the time when things happened to this new day, wherein, Mr. James tells us, "It is an incident for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look out at you in a certain way,"—or, as he goes on to suggest, "if it be not an incident, I think it will be hard to say what it is." The distance from Defoe to Henry James must somehow be spanned if one is to appreciate the artistic quality of such work as "*The Greater Inclination*." (2)

It is not enough to say that these stories are realistic and that Henry James is their artistic sponsor. The reader is startled into a new appreciation of Mr. James and of the realistic method in general. So much keenness of insight, so much cleverness of phrase were not born, one is inclined to believe, of a day. It is realism carried to the *“th* power. Every character feels and thinks and reflects and feels

again. But nothing happens—unless it can be called happening for a young woman, alone in a room in a New York hotel, to be pointing a revolver at her head; or for a man with staring eyes and small pinched face to lie dead in his berth in the flying express. The revolver never goes off. The dead man tells no tales. But the interest holds. Each minutest detail is selected and related with the exactness that befits a tragedy. The outcome may be death, or the birth of a new soul. The method in either case is the same, in the daily newspaper as in the realistic novel, that of circumstantial and exact detail. That one sometimes fails to see the wood for the trees, or the story for the telling, is only a phase of realism. That the stories have sometimes the effect of having been related so minutely that there is neither room nor time for the end is perhaps only another phase of realism. But that the interest never flags is pure art.

The minor faults of realism lie on the surface, to be seen at a glance. Its power and virility are apprehended more slowly. If it has taken the artist two hundred years to discover that not in events, but in experience of events, lies material for art, it may surely be forgiven the common man that even now he sometimes fails to value justly the artistic and moral possibilities of the commonplace. To perceive clearly that "life, not the having lived, avails" is not merely an artistic experience. Its roots strike deep in intellectual and spiritual being. The generation that perceives that, rightly viewed, the joy or sorrow or apathy of the meanest soul outweighs fire and flood and murder and war and death has advanced far in sympathy, in civilization. The artist that seeks to reveal this has chosen his rank. He is known by it. It is by the standards of such art that he must be judged and beside artists of this rank that he must be measured.

The stories in "The Greater Inclination" inevitably recall the work of Henry James. Nor is the suggestion merely one of method. In very substance, even in titular phrase, the author pays Mr. James the sincere flattery of imitation. What is "The Muse's Tragedy," but "The Tragic Muse" turned other end to; or "The Pelican," who lectures "for the sake of the baby," but a more clever and youthful "Greville Fane" and her ungrateful offspring? Doubtless when Miss Wharton sketched "The Portrait" she was unconscious of other model than Vard, the political rascal, or of other artist than Lillo, the psychic interpreter of character. But the reader is liable to be reminded—in more than shadowy fashion—of that remarkable story "The Liar," in which the sitter is likewise a scoundrel and the artist a man of psychic trend. The pointing out of plagiarism, or unconscious adaptation or imitation, is a task neither pleasant nor difficult nor lofty. It falls now and then, however, to the lot of the reviewer and becomes more imperative in proportion as the work considered is more clever.

It is Miss Wharton's cleverness that betrays her and assigns her to her place. It is her cleverness, indeed, that differentiates her from her master and from artists of like calibre. One questions whether the whole range of Mr. James's work would yield as many epigrams, as much striking phrase, as "The Pelican" alone could furnish. It is in the power to weld clever phrase into fibre, to subordinate epigram to end, that the author of "The Pelican" is lacking—the power of self-restraint. The soft harmonious haze of an autumn day is not hers, nor the quick stinging touch of twilight in winter, nor the waking of a morning in spring. Spring, summer, and winter shall sooner lie down together some peaceful autumn day than the clever bits of writing in

Miss Wharton's work efface themselves for the sake of anything so mild as style. In the meantime one may well be grateful for the cleverness and sparkle and interest. Whatever rank Miss Wharton shall ultimately choose to take, she has at least not fallen into the vulgar error of mistaking inanity for realism or the common fault of being able to see only with her eyes open.

Given a Puritan setting—a stern shore and grim ancestors. Place Oliver Cromwell, Roger Williams, and John Winthrop in the background, and pink arbutus in the foreground, then bring upon the scene Mistress Content Cradock (3) and her two lovers, Archer and Stukely, and the stage is ready for action.

The whole question of the historical novel must be set one side in any fair discussion of Mistress Content Cradock and her virtues or shortcomings. The place and limits of the historical novel involve issues too diverse to be taken up in any right appreciation of a book so modest as this of Miss Trumbull's. Nor do the charm and value of the book depend, to any appreciable extent, on the historical element: In so far as the character of Mistress Content Cradock could have had existence in no other time or place than Puritan New England, the setting is of moment. In so far as the story is the old one of "two men wooing a maid," the setting is irrelevant. Mistress Content's own granddaughter could not have vacillated between her two lovers with more feminine inconstancy or have chosen the wrong one with more inevitable persistence than does Mistress Cradock herself. All the characters are very human. That they move upon a Puritan stage is a mere detail of art. That exits and entrances are adjusted somewhat primly, with an eye to effect, and that the story moves with monotonous evenness are perhaps, faults to be grateful for in a day when art seems to be, for the most part, a series of wild and incalculable experiments.

The final tests of all art, great and small, are space and time. A great work of art, we are led to believe, will appeal to all peoples of all time. The test of time must always, perforce, be left to the future. The test of universality may be applied here and now. The result of this test as applied to "A Tent of Grace" (4) may be summed up in a word. The book is German—German in its characters, German in setting, German in atmosphere, German in its conception of life, and German in style. Having said this, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that it will never be ranked among the great novels of the world. If one could apply minor tests, he finds that the characters are simple people, the passions primitive and the pathos true. The Herr Pastor, the Pastorin, and the alien Jette, the Jewish gypsy child, have the air of reality, the ring of truth. But it is a reality of German standards, truth as it appeals to the German mind. The submission of the stately Pastorin to the dictates of the gentle Pastor is not a matter of art, but a matter of course. The story, like its setting, is of the Rhineland. The wine is Rhine wine, good of its kind, but unmistakably Rhenish.

Mr. W. H. Mallock seems to have begun his latest novel (5) with certain intentions which in the writing he did not carry out, gradually letting the plot—somewhat hackneyed and complicated by genealogical ramifications which the present writer preferred to take on trust, rather than work them out with the author—absorb all his interest. Consequently "Tristram Lacy, Individualist," degenerates into Tristram Lacy with no backbone, a man whose indolence almost defeats his great gifts, because he really finds nothing of sufficient worth to occupy them—neither the army, nor parliament, nor religion. Love, too, he

regards with disillusioned eyes, and he does not let it master his reasoning powers. Incidentally there is a problem like unto the one that Mr. Howells so convincingly discussed in "Indian Summer." Of course, the story deals with the English upper classes, and English political life—notably the well-born women who exert upon it an indirect but potent influence; but there is also represented another class of English men and women, whom Mr. Mallock chooses to ridicule and to treat with haughty disdain. No doubt, the difference between the upper and lower middle classes is more tangible in England than anywhere else in the world, but the earnest workers who seek to benefit the poor are not all self-seeking knaves, visionaries, and snobbish females, nor are their endeavors all so misdirected as Mr. Mallock chooses to believe. Occasionally, however, he very neatly characterizes the trend of thought of certain agitators, as when he sums up the speech of one of them: "Mr. Tibbits proceeded with his speech, of which the upshot was apparently this, that by whatever more practical means the war against capital might be waged, he and other lecturers were prepared to wage it by demonstrating that the capitalist was a superfluity—that he acquired his capital simply by being exceptionally foolish and idle, which gave him an unfair advantage in the cut-throat struggle for life." And Tristram Lacy himself opines from the height of his position and wealth, which he uses to improve the dwellings of his tenants, that "until culture makes the higher classes happy, you can no more expect it to bring happiness to the lower, than a man can expect, if all his best claret is corked, to make it a sound wine by distributing it amongst his poor relations."

Mr. Mallock, in fact, believes in teaching the poor to be contented with their lot, and in aiding them to improve their material conditions as far as possible. Teach them domestic economy, he says, and cleanliness, and give them an opportunity to play tennis and foot-ball. The gospel of discontent will not help them. And, consequently, he deliberately makes the social agitators in his story unpractical preachers of unrealizable ideals, mixed with hatred of the aristocracy and the gospel of its abolition. On the other hand, he demonstrates incidentally that that aristocracy, having the means and a larger outlook upon life, is in reality the practical benefactor of the proletariat—as well as the only possible possessor of culture and breeding:

"The middle-class socialism, or quasi-socialism, of which you speak," says another autocrat in the book, "has really no intellectual or moral origin at all. It has the same origin as that grotesque middle-class mediævalism which was responsible some years ago for so many absurd villas, so much bad furniture, and for the monstrous dresses and *coiffures*, by which women of a certain class—who were doubtless meant by Providence to have great attractions—were to be seen disfigured at such places as the Royal Academy. . . . Well, what do you suppose was the origin of that solemn efflorescence of folly? It originated in the fact that, alone of all classes, during the past forty years, the middle class has increased out of all proportion to the population. It has grown, in fact, too fast to be civilized by its own traditions: and there has come into existence a multitude of well-to-do families who have had, as best they could, to manufacture some traditions for themselves. Many of them, for this purpose, had recourse to what they called æstheticism; and for precisely the same reason others have taken to socialism—socialism doing for their politics the same service that mediævalism did for their manners. Both will pass. We need not take either too seriously—the suburban enthusiasm for Humanity, or the suburban enthusiasm for Botticelli."

Thus does Mr. Mallock dispose of William Morris, Liberty silks, Rossetti, university settlements, the middle classes, and all the urgent social problems of the day. But while he describes agitators, and the literary tribe as a whole, as bounders of both sexes, he tellingly de-

lineates the difference between them and the well-born cad. He also is sufficiently fair to make his literary Premier—a mixture of a living statesman and the Earl of Beaconsfield—a man of barbaric bad taste as well as of extreme culture.

Mr. Mallock's opinions of the sexual morality of the English world of fashion are well known, and he reiterates them here with the eternal youthful tolerance that mistakes itself for worldly wisdom, while in reality it is wofully immature. If Mr. Mallock wishes his readers to understand that he accepts these things passively, why does he continue to din them in their ears? Perhaps their attitude on this subject is the same as his. A new figure, however, in his fiction is the South African millionaire, who delicately disburses his wealth to women of beauty and social influence—the English counterpart of Gyp's famous Baron Sinai. Such cheap cynicisms as "In the hall, when Lacy entered it, there were no less than four perambulators, married piety being always philoprogenitive," may be passed over without comment.

Mr. Mallock's books are always, more or less, *romans à clef*. Lord Runyon, the Premier of this book, as has already been said, is a combination of two great English statesmen. But can it be that Mrs. Norham, the writer of "problem" novels, is a caricature of a well-known English writer who, after English "society" had taken her up, suddenly began to take from it her plots and characters, to the detriment of her art? If this be so, it must be said that Mr. Mallock has taken an unwarrantable liberty, disguised though it be by utter extravagance. "Tristram Lacy" is a readable novel, with all its author's merits and faults. Its theses are wrong, but they are ably defended. The episodes of the mysterious fortune-teller are probably its weakest part.

The translation of M. Édouard Rod's latest novel, "Pastor Naudé's Young Wife" (6) is provided with a short introduction by the translator, who compares the story, so far as its "moral atmosphere" is concerned, to Mrs. Humphry Ward's work, and quotes some favorable opinions of Mr. Rod's works generally expressed by English critics. The best definition of M. Rod's mission in French fiction, however, is found in what M. Bourget said of himself: he is a "moralist," but, unlike the author of "Mensonges," he has been one almost from the beginning, psychological research never having engrossed his mind as an end in itself. The same year that witnessed the publication of Guy de Maupassant's "Notre Coeur" and M. Bourget's "Un Coeur de Femme," saw the appearance of M. Rod's "Les Trois Coeurs"—in many respects the best, the most searching study of the three; and "La Sacrifiée" may be ranked, notwithstanding a certain monotony, with, if not above, the best work of the head of the present school of French psychological fiction. The two novels devoted to Michel Teissier—"La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier" and "La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier"—are unquestionably of the highest sociological interest, boldly conceived and firmly carried out; but, Frenchman though he be by adoption, M. Rod has never demonstrated the scope of his beautiful talent more fully than in the "Contes Romandés"—a bundle of short stories of his native Switzerland.

Mr. Gilman's ingenious reasoning to the contrary notwithstanding, M. Rod is a pessimist, but a convincing one, because he insists, not upon the ugliness of life, as Maupassant did with cynical, almost vindictive emphasis, but upon its sadness, in which, however (and this makes him the moralist he is), he sees a beautiful discipline, the means of redemption that raises human living to a higher plane. His books

have a deeper meaning, for he is a philosopher as well as a close observer; and while the meaning of life in all its fulness may escape him—who ever interpreted it?—he sees plainly and expresses ably the uses of adversity.

“Pastor Naudié’s Young Wife” will never hold the first rank among his stories. The problem it presents is too local to be of universal value; and, while his final conclusion—the usual one—is irreproachable, we fail to feel its bearing beyond the narrow circle of bigoted French Protestantism whence it is derived. The life itself may be observed wherever the two great Christian churches dwell together in unequal proportions: among the small minority of Protestants in France, the equally inferior number of Roman Catholics in England, or, again, the handful of Protestants in Ireland. In Holland, where the disproportion is not so pronounced, the two forms of Christianity dwell together in rabid intolerance. In all these countries, of course, this condition of affairs is a survival of the bitterness of real or fancied past persecutions.

Pastor Naudié is a penniless young Protestant clergyman in the old Huguenot stronghold of La Rochelle, a widower with several children, for whom a second marriage is arranged, by one of his rich parishioners, with the latter’s niece and ward, an heiress whose wayward fancies have caused some uneasiness to her relations. The girl fancies herself in love with the handsome, serious young preacher, but shortly after her marriage begins to consider herself mismated, and ends by forcing a divorce upon him, that she may marry her cousin, a young theologian who has been touched by the spirit of unbelief and entered his father’s counting-house.

This, baldly outlined, is the plot, whose intrinsic seriousness is unpleasantly emphasized by the narrowness of the life in which it is developed. All the characters—even the doubters—are under the sombre weight of their Huguenot ancestry, and one could hardly conceive of a more unlikely creature for an ill-balanced married woman to fall in love with than the ex-theological student. Madame Naudié takes her platonic sinning very sadly, which is in keeping, however, with her callous determination to rid herself of her husband. As for the Pastor himself, he is wofully oppressed by the good old Puritan notion that it is sinful, and displeasing to God, to love one’s wife frankly, heartily, joyfully, just as he is prevented from asserting his dignity as husband and father by what he imagines to be the restrictions placed upon him by his sacerdotal character.

Some of the minor characters in the book are splendidly drawn, notably the elder Naudié, the famous patriarchal theologian, and M. Defos, the smug rich merchant and pillar of the church, who has succeeded in reconciling the service of God to the service of Mammon. The small scandal mongers, too, are deftly introduced, the whole producing the picture at which M. Rod undoubtedly aimed—a true representation of a narrow, barren life, which deliberately suppresses gaiety and the enjoyment of this world as displeasing to a stern Calvinistic deity. M. Rod is a pessimist—perhaps as the result of his own early life among people such as he describes. The world is not so sad, happily, as he sees it, beyond this narrow corner in France, and others like it elsewhere. The book makes one feel justified for once in adapting the Pharisee’s prayer, though in a different spirit, “Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as they.”

It is of many topics that Mr. Beerbohm discourses in this slender volume (7), named, no doubt, in acknowledgment of some literary

Oliver Twist's request. Royalty and music halls, actors and sign-boards, Madame Tussaud's, Ouida's novels and *Punch*, the seaside in winter and many other subjects, he touches upon cleverly, seriously sometimes, with cheerful impertinence occasionally; but always with an artistic touch. These papers have been "rescued from innumerable catacombs—to wit, the files of *The Saturday Review*, *The Daily Mail*, *The Outlook*, *To-morrow*, and *The Musician*,—nor have I admitted to this haven any of these little creatures without scrutiny and titivation."

The book abounds in good things, such as, for instance, the dissertation on knighthood:

"Knighthood is a cheap commodity in these days. It is modern Royalty's substitute for largesse, and it is scattered broadcast. Though all sneer at it, there are few whose hands would not gladly grasp the dingy patent. . . . Even now, the number of those who are not knighted exceeds the number of those who are. Time, doubtless, will reverse these figures. It is quite possible that, in the next century, forms of application for knighthood will be sent out annually to every householder and be thrown with other circulars into the waste-paper basket. Further still in the future, knighthood may be one of the lighter punishments of the Law. 'Forty shillings or a knighthood' sounds quite possible."

Of course, there is in this a probably unconscious reminiscence of Mark Twain's declaration regarding the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur—"Few escape it." But Mr. Beerbohm considers the aspirations of modern novelists for knighthood, born of Sir Walter Besant's new dignity. Had he waited until this year, he might have added a certain poet to his list. Mr. Beerbohm, ever resourceful, proposes an even greater reward for the popular novelist. "For my own part," he says, "I should like him to have a life-peerage. We have our Law-Lords—why not our Novel-Lords? It matters not what title he receive, so it be one which will perish, like his twaddle, with him."

Of a different quality is "Going Back to School," with its reminiscence of unutterable grief caused by the sight of a boy going to the station in a hansom:

"Well do I remember how, on the last day of the holidays, I used always to rise early, and think that I had got twelve more whole hours of happiness, and how those hours used to pass me with mercifully slow feet. . . . Three more hours! . . . Sixty more minutes! . . . Five! . . . I used to draw upon my tips for a first-class ticket, that I might not be plunged suddenly among my companions, with their hectic and hollow mirth, their dreary disinterment of last term's jokes. . . .

"Even now, much of my own complacency comes of having left school. Such an apparition as that boy in the hansom makes me realize my state more absolutely. I am at a happier point in Nature's cycle. That is all.

"Were I to meet, now, any one of those masters who are monsters to you, my boy, he would treat me even more urbanely, it may be, than I should treat him. When he sets you a hundred lines, you write them without pleasure, and he tears them up. When I, with considerable enjoyment and at my own leisure, write a hundred lines or so, they are printed for all the world to admire, and I am paid for them enough to keep you in pocket-money for many terms. I write at a comfortable table, by a warm fire, and occupy an arm-chair, while you are sitting on a narrow form. . . . In a word, I enjoy myself immensely. To-night I am going to a theatre. Afterwards, I shall sup somewhere and drink wine. When I come home and go to bed, I shall read myself to sleep with some amusing book."

The gem of the collection, "An Infamous Brigade," in which are voiced Mr. Beerbohm's objections to the firemen who prevent fires from growing to their full beauty, is too delicious to be spoiled by detached fragments. It shows Mr. Beerbohm at his whimsical best.

What strikes me most forcibly while reading Mr. Wells's new story (8) is the wonderful fertility of that young author's imagination. The

idea of a man who sleeps for a long period is as old as folk-lore itself, and in modern days it has been utilized innumerable times—in one notable success, "Looking Backward," and in many failures, of whose existence none but their authors is cognizant. Yet, while Mr. Bellamy's book might have been considered to cover the whole field, Mr. Wells abundantly proves that its possibilities are far from exhausted. His story is in no way reminiscent of the earlier book, for his invention moves along lines that are essentially his own; moreover, this is avowedly a mere fancy, written to entertain his audience. Of a mission there is no question in these pages.

Mr. Wells has created a new civilization, in which nothing is overlooked—neither the methods of the twenty-second century tailor and barber, nor the laws, government, and customs of England in A.D. 2100. Occasionally he is illogical, as when he makes people swarm in gigantic hives in London, although modern methods of locomotion have all but annihilated space, and they might therefore just as well dwell in the country, especially as agriculture is no longer relied upon for food; but one readily overlooks a slip like that for the sake of the ingenuity of the whole plan. The plot is slight: the sleeper wakes to find himself incredibly rich after two hundred years of compound interest on his originally modest competence; and he is aided to escape from his official guardians, who have put the power of his wealth to base and selfish uses. The interest lies in the new state of civilization Mr. Wells has conjured up.

Mr. Bullen is the discoverer of a new form of literature of the sea. There is nothing among the books of the past with which his work can be compared—and, strangest of all, his tales are truth, not fiction. In his new book (9) he gives us a collection of sketches of life on the deep, and of marine fauna, together with a few flights of fancy, and a warning, addressed to his own countrymen, averse the continually growing number of foreign sailors—mostly Germans and Norwegians—on British ships. He shows us the sea in many moods, with the imitable touch of one who knows that which he loves and whereof he speaks. He is least happy, perhaps, where, like Kipling, he makes the animals speak; on the other hand, the sea alone suffices, without man, or monster of its depths, to call out all his talent, and to spur him to vivid, almost perfect work. Seven of these thirty "idylls" are "studies in marine natural history," full of curious information, much of it borrowed from zoologists, but in all cases supplemented by that first-hand knowledge which imparts a fresh interest to even well-known subjects. And, after all, marine life is not a well-known subject with most of us. The infinite variety of the sea here finds an interpreter who is also a discoverer. Mr. Bullen saw with eyes whose power of vision was alike stronger and more delicate than that of most who had gone before; and this wonderful power of observation was happily supplemented by a gift of literary expression that makes all the wealth he gathered, the tragedy of the sea, its romance and charm and comedy, accessible to all who care to seek enchantment of a novel kind in the pages of his books.

Following the strange but firmly established English and American custom, of calling a German *Herr*, an Italian *Signor*, a Spaniard *Señor*, and a Frenchman simply *M.*, we will give the author of "The Deluge" the Polish appellation of *Pan*, and ask quite seriously whether it was wise or necessary to place Pan Sienkiewicz's earliest effort at fiction (10), written during the eighteenth year of his life, before his American admirers. We think not. The book may serve as a measure of

the advance the great Polish novelist has made in his art since his early days, but in itself it is nothing. It bears not even a promise of the great historical trilogy that was to come, or of "Without Dogma" and "Children of the Soil." It is not an "early indiscretion" to be ashamed of, but it certainly does not deserve a place beside the fruits of the maturity of the author's talent. It is simply a fairly good novel, bearing marks of youthfulness in its philosophy, and of an undeveloped method in its technique—notably in the frequent intrusion upon the reader of the author himself. As for its substance, it is a love-story of student-life in Kieff, with a tragic ending. Pan Sienkiewicz will not gain in reputation by the translation of this work of his youth; but it seems to be the price of popularity that authors pay to have their early efforts brought before the public when their masterpieces have won its favor.

The romance (11) of "journalism"—those who once upon a time thought it romantic always called it "journalism"—has been dimmed in these latter days, perhaps by the methods of a portion of its own workers. People in general—the public that reads the papers—have begun to look upon the newspaper man just as Mr. Lynch's new reporter learned to look upon the detectives, "who went about their day's work in much the same matter-of-fact way as reporters and the rest of the town." Yet, while the life has lost so much of its attraction for those who do not know it, its fascination has increased, with the development of the scope of the press, for those behind the scenes, who, indeed, too often fall victims to it in the end, as did the "Old Reporter," whose sad story ends this remarkably well-written bundle of tales. For newspaper work offers but few prizes, and those mostly beyond its own domain: it is a good stepping-stone to better things, but an indifferent staff of life. Its demands upon its servants are deadening in their effects, and in its heedless rush it throws aside the material which it has squeezed dry.

Mr. Lynch's stories are real: nothing is sacrificed for the sake of artistic effect, or garbled in the telling. The reporter receives the lion's share of attention, but the editors and "desk" men are worthily represented. The atmosphere of newspaper offices, their perpetual excitement and nerve-shattering rush, with the consequent sudden reaction when the paper has "gone to press," are represented with splendid realism, and in such a manner that not merely the newspaper man himself, but the layman as well, understands them, and feels their truth. The author, who, of course gathered the knowledge on which his tales are based in a newspaper office, is especially successful in tracing the development of the reporter, from the early days when he is a "cub," timid, dreading an "assignment," hardly able to muster sufficient courage to see the person he is sent to interview, to the days of his glory, when he loves his art,—for reporting is an art, and a rare one in its perfection,—and thence, through a period of increasing insensibility through familiarity with the very things that should remain fresh to him to give the right tone to his "copy," to the period of his decadence. It is hard to select a favorite among these seven stories, but probably the palm should be given to "The Great Secretary of State Interview," as showing the reporter in his most important relation to the public—as the mediator between that public and its political leaders. It should be added here that most of the stories are new, an impression that they were all first published in a magazine having wrongly got abroad.

As Mr. Henry James has no rivals in his own field to overcome, he

continues to surpass himself with regularity and ease. "The Awkward Age" (12) is ahead of anything he has yet produced, for subtlety and acute insight. What Mr. James will do next is beyond conjecture, for certainly it would seem that in this particular direction he has reached the utmost limit. The book is a study of certain phases of London society to which other novelists of late years have borne awkward and incomplete testimony. What they have intimated shamefacedly, Mr. James has set forth with his customary lucidity and exhaustiveness. There now remains nothing to be told about the conversation and the complications in those circles where vast moral indifference is united to extreme intellectual acuteness. Such a circle revolves around Mrs. Edward Brookenham. They are brilliant people—though half their brilliance is mere audacity—and it is something of an intellectual exercise to follow the implications of their talk, which is faithfully reproduced at an almost wearisome length. They chatter about everything, and the more impossible the subject the more fervently do they dwell upon it. The question, for instance, of whether Lady Fanny Cashmore is, or is not, about to "bolt" like Anna Karenina "to one of the smaller Italian towns" contains inexhaustible food for research and discussion.

Given such a society as this, what part in it must the young person play? This is the question which the book proposes. Mrs. Brookenham, the daughter of a lady of the old school of so fine a type that her memory is still an inspiration to the man who had loved her in his youth, has herself a daughter, Nanda, who reproduces the wonderful grandmother, Lady Julia, exactly in her physical aspect, but, greatly to her own regret and that of Mr. Longdon, the delightful elderly gentleman who had loved Lady Julia, it is out of her power to reproduce the mind and manners of that gentlewoman. For Nanda cannot be said to have led the sheltered life. In such a house as her mother's she has been "exposed" to all kinds of information. Although Mrs. Brookenham complains that when Nanda arrives at the age where she must positively sit in the drawing-room and meet people, the tone of the circle is thereby altered to such an extent that its converse is flat and unprofitable, none the less Nanda arrives speedily at a state of enlightenment concerning the miasms of life which is undesirable for the unformed mind. Vanderbank, whom Nanda attracts, and whom Nanda in her turn loves, considers this illumination so undesirable that he makes it the ground of declining her hand when it is offered him by Mr. Longdon, who proposes to dower the girl generously if his young friend will marry her and remove her from her mother's sphere of influence.

Nanda, who knows everything, knows this, too, and her behavior under the circumstances is so wonderful and so exquisite, yet so simple and natural, that the reader's emotions are uncomfortably stirred in her behalf. Nanda is, in fact, Mr. James's supreme creation. He has always been interested in the niceness of the nice girl, and has believed in and set forth, at great length and in many ways, her essential nobility and high-mindedness. Daisy Miller was one illustration of this, and Isabel Archer another. Fleda Vetch demonstrated the same qualities in a different way, and Maisie,—poor little Maisie,—who clung by instinct to conventions and proprieties which she had known only in their overthrow, seemed, until Nanda appeared, the most convincing proof a novelist could devise of the elemental fineness of girl-nature. But Nanda is a piece of even more absolute, more beautiful evidence. Moreover, she fixes a type and points out the course evolution must

needs pursue. She, in fact, supplies the ideal of the form the Nice Girl must take in the next century if society continues to grow more lax in its manners and morals. There always have been nice girls; there will continue to be nice girls, although they may have to develop under circumstances which have hitherto been considered prohibitive. Nanda is prophecy.

On the other hand, Mr. Longdon is history. He is the best of the old school of manners as Nanda is the best of the new, and his sufferings in modern London make very clear the difference between the atmosphere of forty years ago and that of to-day. The fact that it is possible for the polite world as he knew it to have evolved into the contemporary polite world sets him doubting the foundation of things:—“The more one thinks of it,” he bemoans himself, “the more one seems to see that society—for we’re *in* society, are n’t we, and that our horizon?—can never have been anything but increasingly vulgar. The point is that in the twilight of time—and I belong you see, to the twilight—it had made out much less how vulgar it *could* be. It did its best, very probably, but there were too many superstitions it had to get rid of. It has been throwing them overboard, one by one, so that now the ship sails uncommonly light. That’s the way”—and the old man with his eyes on the golden distance ingeniously followed it out—“I come to feel so the lurching and pitching.”

Another question which the book raises is, What part can any distinguished soul play in such a society? There seems to be no room in it for goodness, no formula nor convention to govern the instincts of those who happen by nature to be righteous or refined. It does not provide for such freaks. The adorable Mitchy, little as he looks it, is a distinguished soul, and at the end the reader, like Mr. Longdon and Nanda, is “anxious about Mitchy.” He is not provided for in the scheme of things, and, when this is the case, it is only the strongest who can provide for themselves.

Mitchy, Mr. Longdon, and Nanda are delightful acquaintances, but the reader has to pay a high price for meeting them, since to do so he must also meet Mrs. Brookenham, the Duchess, Lord Petherton, Mr. Cashmore, and other odious people. There is a certain satisfaction in observing that even Mr. James’s art has a limitation. Although he writes, with equal sympathy, of the righteous and the unrighteous, he simply cannot achieve a fellow-feeling for the people who ought to have right feelings, and do not. This limitation is curiously illustrated by the fact that “Mrs. Brook” and Vanderbank are the only characters in the book which do not impress the reader as they seemed to impress their associates. Their vaunted charm is invisible. Vanderbank strikes us as a superior variety of cad, and Mrs. Brookenham’s grace is never realized, and her intelligence becomes unspeakably tiresome, as misapplied intelligence usually does. There is nothing quite so stupid as cleverness gone wrong.

The short story of rural New England has become a staple commodity of that region—that is to say, it has grown to be one of the necessary furnishings of our lives, as important in its way as the cod-fish of Gloucester, the shoes of Lynn, or the prints of Lowell. This is partly, of course, because New England has been blessed with such faithful observers and artistic recorders as Miss Alice Brown, Miss Jewett, and Miss Wilkins, and partly, also, because rural life in New England lends itself to the purposes of literature, in that it has less brutality and more moral elevation, even now, than rural life anywhere else the whole world over. The farther the child of New England

roams, and the more of this world he sees, the more he wonders and admires when he thinks of the point of view that is maintained in the land of his nativity, and the more thankful he feels himself for that ineradicable tincture of Puritan blood which, even in the hundredth dilution, enforces its standards upon its inheritors.

All this seems irrelevant, but it has a very direct bearing upon the deserved popularity of such charming books as Miss Alice Brown's "Tiverton Tales" (13), for wherever the child of New England goes—and he goes everywhere—he still carries with him the appetite for such delicate and perfect studies of the New England character, its casuistries and compunctions. Miss Brown's stories are less tenuous in subject-matter than Miss Jewett's and therefore less dependent upon sheer excellence of style, although of this also they have enough and to spare; they are richer in atmosphere and suggestiveness than Miss Wilkins's tales, a little warmer-blooded and more human. Those in the present collection gain by being gathered together. All are good, but perhaps the most fully satisfying are "A March Wind," "A Stolen Festival," and "The Way of Peace." It is difficult to imagine how there could possibly be better New England stories than these.

Mrs. Peattie's new volume, "Ickery Ann and Other Girls and Boys" (14) is a wholesome collection of stories for young people, a number of which have seen the light in *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*. They are all winsome and well-told tales, most of them being of that good old-fashioned sort—as beneficial for grown people as for young ones—which give a little pull to the heart-strings and an invigorating stir to what one may call the moral emotions.

"A Double Thread" (15) is a perfectly impossible and immensely entertaining book. It is not given to every writer to achieve this difficult combination. Miss Fowler has allowed herself an archaic plot, and a very up-to-date style which sparkles with all manner of clever and epigrammatic paradoxes. The story contains twin sisters separated in infancy, one condemned to obscurity and the other adopted by a very wealthy grandfather as his sole heir; a pink diamond which has marvellous properties as a love-charm; an apocryphal hero who would rather marry the poor twin than the rich one, even when he cannot tell them apart, and a Profound Mystery which is as clear as glass to the eye of the practised novel-reader from the moment of its introduction. Any other pre-historic combination of circumstances would have answered just as well as an excuse for all the brilliant things which Miss Fowler's characters utter on the least excuse or with no excuse at all; but then, again, this plot answers just as well as any other. Of course it would be a happier arrangement all around if the author were willing to illuminate real people and real life with her incandescent ingenuity, but that ingenuity is so attractive in itself that one would much prefer to see it play over stage scenery than not to see it at all.

There are two characters, Lord Stonebridge and Lady Silverhampton who, not having anything to do with the story, bear a good share of the conversational burden of the book. Lady Silverhampton discourses alternately on men and women, and, though neither subject is startlingly novel, she manages to invest her remarks with the appearance of freshness, as when she tells Elfrida, who has just remarked that if she had a husband she would not flatter him, "Then, my dear, he'd beat you and with my full approval. A woman who won't flatter is like a piano that won't play. It may be an imposing piece of furniture, but it is n't a piano."

The book also contains a cynical uncle, with the face of a cherub, who emits a great many acute but unpleasant observations on human nature, and when no one else is on the stage the author is perfectly capable of producing epigrams in her proper person. It is impossible, of course, that when there are so many of these all should be equally good, but Miss Fowler's standard of brilliancy is on the whole higher than that of Mr. Robert Hichens at his best, and very much above the vaunted brilliancy of the author of "*Dodo*" in the days when that young writer still recorded the conversation of London society.

As a whole, the book gives one the impression of having been written hastily in a fit of high spirits. It shows, naturally, one of the defects of this method of production in the extreme colloquialism of its style. Such a sentence as the following might be intelligible if spoken, but on the printed page it reduces the reader to momentary confusion: "She was the most attractive girl he had ever met and she had the effect that the most attractive girl a man has ever met usually has." However, as we said before, it is a vastly amusing novel, and that fact alone will cover a multitude of colloquialisms.

In "*Waters that Pass Away*" (16) there is much literary and artistic talk, without the atmosphere usually appertaining thereto. Some of this is very pertinent and sufficiently interesting, as are also the author's views on journalism. But these matters are only side issues. They serve to fill up the background; but the central point of the picture is the intense wifely devotion of the heroine—devotion that carries her beyond the limits of possible sacrifice, and creates a situation that is incompatible with the true, unselfish love she bears her husband. No woman of the type of Helen Galbraith could sacrifice honor, even to keep a position that enabled her to support her afflicted husband, nor can the author convince us that such a sacrifice is necessary, in these days, to the woman who wishes to earn her living. In spite of the unpleasantness of the plot, the writer's sincerity is beyond question. Vice is not made attractive, and the heroine pays the penalty of her fault in bitter remorse. Experience will doubtless teach Miss Winston to avoid seeking a striking plot at the expense of other qualities that are well worth striving for.

Mrs. Walford's new book (17) is as bright and amusing as one expects a book by the author of "*The Baby's Grandmother*" to be. It is also an excellent portrayal of the changes in two characters wrought by circumstances. The gay, flirtatious Irene becomes a perfect woman, while the Archdeacon, from a thoughtful, serious boy, becomes first a superficial man of the world, and then, under the influence of a good woman, develops, as we have been led to expect, and finally fulfills the promise of his earlier years.

In the character of the hero of the tale there is a superficial resemblance to one of the prominent bachelor archdeacons of England. The resemblance extends merely to certain characteristics with which all are familiar, but the author will probably suffer, as all novelists of her type do, from the habit, common amongst readers, of setting down a real person as the original of a fictitious character, merely because a certain resemblance is apparent between the two. There are several other characters which show how thoroughly the author knows her world, an English world naturally, but none the less interesting to American readers, who will also appreciate the pictures of English life which Mrs. Walford knows so well how to paint.

So long as the present generation of readers is to the fore, it is only necessary to glance at the table of contents of a book like "*Richard*

Carvel" (18) to know that it is destined to a popular success. Why? Because it is an able-bodied historical romance which occupies some five hundred pages of close print in the telling. It would be interesting to the point of excitement to know what qualities could possibly make such a volume a failure in this decade. For the moment, apparently, the historical romance is one of the necessities of life, and the demand for it may be compared with the demand for wheat in its steadiness. This fact has not only sold hundreds of thousands of copies of good romances, but tens of thousands of absolutely illiterate and impossible ones as well, which is, indeed, a curious happening. The demand for cake is comprehensible, but the demand for an inferior grade of hard-tack at the same price is baffling to the observant mind.

Let us hasten to add that Mr. Winston Churchill's new book is fruit-cake, at the very least, and compounded of the highest-priced materials. It is a conscientiously constructed and carefully written tale, and it deals with a place and period whose possibilities have not been exhausted in fiction. The hero is the young heir of Carvel Hall in Maryland, and his story covers the end of the colonial period in our history. The scene of the story passes from the plantation to Annapolis in the days of its departed glory, and thence to the London of Fox and Walpole. The hero has a wicked uncle and a beautiful lady-love, as well as a stately grandfather and an interesting collection of friends. The lavish life of the period, dignified in Maryland and debauched in London, is shown with a hundred picturesque and attractive touches, but the real feat of the book, its crowning excellence as literature, is the way in which the author has grasped and reproduced the widely differing characters of John Paul Jones and Charles James Fox. He has made of them breathing men of flesh and blood. Beside them the sturdy Richard himself is but a ghost, and as for the lively Dolly she is never at any time anything but the pale shadow of Beatrix Castlewood with the worst of her mischief replaced by finer qualities.

The creative effort which has gone to the making of these two characters is of the first order, and the achievement is well worth while. After all, the great merit of a historical novel is not that it should sell, but that it should make real to us the conditions of the past and the quality of the men who prepared the way for the present. Since "*Richard Carvel*" does this so admirably it is righteously entitled to the success it will share with many a poorer volume of the same general kind. But readers of "*The Celebrity*," however much they may enjoy "*Richard Carvel*," will still be assailed by a regret that the writer of that brilliant skit should abandon so completely the field in which his first success was scored. A gift for pure comedy and the power to sustain humorous situations evenly are rare talents.

When the romance of the impossible is well done nowadays, it is sure to find grateful readers among those who are satiated with reality. Seldom does the absolutely incredible take a more ingratiating shape than in Grant Allen's latest story, "*Miss Cayley's Adventures*" (19). The book is all the more pleasing from the fact that its merits are of a kind for which nothing in Mr. Allen's recent writing has prepared us. In taking up a book by this writer one never knows what to expect. "Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon." On occasion, if he tries, he can even write bargain-counter novels of the most wooden variety. "*Miss Cayley's Adventures*" is none of these things. It is a fresh, crisp, sparkling story of a Girton girl who sets out to conquer the world single-handed with the sum of twopence in her pocket. The kindly providence that rules the printed page decrees

that she shall sit down in Kensington Gardens on one side of an elm-tree while two old ladies on the other side are discussing how one of them shall get to Schlangenbad without a maid. From this chance develops the entertaining "Adventure of the Cantankerous Old Lady," and Miss Cayley's career, thus begun, proceeds merrily through a dozen chapters packed with incident and harmless excitement, to a happy end in the "Adventure of the Unprofessional Detective."

Many of the chapters, notably the "Adventure of the Inquisitive American," and that of the "Unprofitable Oasis," are capital short stories in themselves. If one were in a captious mood one might object to the language of Mr. Allen's Inquisitive American, who speaks a tongue altogether unknown in the commercial circles whence he is supposed to come. But this is a detail, and one is not disposed to be captious when one is thoroughly entertained.

"Earth Sculpture, or the Origin of Land-Forms"

By James Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To those who are concerned with geology, either professionally or as amateurs, Dr. James Geikie needs no introduction. They know him as one of the ablest of the interpreters in all that relates to the later changes in the history of the earth's surface. In his "Great Ice Age," he has given to science what remains the cleverest and most sufficient account of the last of the glacial periods, and in "Prehistoric Europe" we have a very helpful account of the conditions of the land as they have affected the history of the earlier men of that portion of the great continent. In the "Earth Sculpture" the author has brought together in a popular form the results of his own studies and those of other enquirers concerning the ways in which the land has been given its varied shape.

In the eighteen chapters of this work the author sets forth in due order the various agents which are at work upon the lands which serve to give them their shape. Beginning with a general account of the agents of denudation, he proceeds to show their effect on rocks of different characters and altitudes. Taking first the forms impressed on horizontal strata, then those observed on gently inclined beds and where the beds lie at high angles or are steeply folded, he then continues the story with an account of the shapes due to faulting, or the various breaks which accompany the displacements of the earth's crust. Following this account of the most general and widespread of the land-shaping conditions—a story never so well told before—comes a briefer, yet, from the point of view of a popular need, sufficient account of volcanic and other igneous action as affecting the earth-forms. These chapters constitute the excellent body of the work. The others treat of the influence of the composition of the various kinds of rocks; glacial and wind action; caverning waters; the origin of basins; coast lines, with final chapters on the classification of land-forms and a general review of the subject, intended to show—and showing well—that it leads to a knowledge of the evolution of the land. This summing up of the matter is done in a simple and masterly way. It cannot fail to make a very profitable impression on the reader by bringing clearly upon his mind a sense of the majestic order in which the earth has come to its shape.

As the problems of surface geology are still much in debate, professional geologists will here and there find themselves disagreeing with Professor Geikie as to the details of his excellent work. Some of

them, for instance, will regret that he has not given more attention to the effects due to the curious and important warping movements of the continents, such as Gilbert has recently shown to be going on in the region of the Great Lakes of North America,—movements which if continued for a few centuries will divert their waters from the path by the Niagara River and the St. Lawrence to the channel of the Mississippi. Other students will feel that not enough consideration has been given to the immediate effects of vegetation in controlling the work of erosion. Yet others will note that the relative value of coastal and fluviatile wearing is not adequately presented. Yet if these objectors will consider that the author has evidently sought to keep within the fit limits of a popular work, giving his readers only those views which have come to be generally accepted, they will see that he has been wise in his choice as to what should be left aside.

The work is written in an admirably clear style. The illustrations are apt, and in these days of reproduction more than usually original. If required to qualify his praise, the reviewer would note that the work does not sufficiently enforce the understanding as to the origins of the energy which operates in shaping the surface of the earth and the intersections of the several modes in which the resulting forces operate. This, however, he would do with some doubt as to whether the simplicity of the story might not have been harmed by this addition to what it sets forth.

"The Historical Development of Modern Europe"

By Charles M. Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE second volume of Professor Andrews's excellent work on modern Europe is, if anything, more praiseworthy than its predecessor. Our author seems to have taken to heart some of the criticisms of the first volume, and to have devoted more attention to the literary side of his work. The period (1850 to 1897) treated in the volume before us is certainly not more eventful and dramatic than the years from 1815 to 1850, yet there is a distinct increase in that quality which above all others a book should possess—readability. As it is over a year since the first volume appeared, and as this volume can be read without disadvantage by itself, it will probably be worth the while to show how Professor Andrews treats his subject.

Professor Andrews belongs to the Johns Hopkins school of historians, and as such is professedly a disciple of Freeman, and an opponent of the so-called scientific school, and in especial of the followers of Seeley. It is fortunate for us that this work is, so we understand, to a great degree a work of avocation, for we do not need a history of modern Europe in Freeman's style. We already have such works in larger as well as smaller compass. Though Professor Andrews in general objects to considering history as a residuum, found after rejecting those purely antiquarian and personal facts which do not make for progress, he has substantially adopted his opponents' theories in writing this work. He has made a careful study of the period, and by a judicious process of elimination he has succeeded in giving the reading public a critical exposition of the salient features of the last few decades of European political and diplomatic history. The work is not in narrative form; it is more a critical history, what Seignebos would call "une histoire explicative." It is marked by sound judgment, combined with a complete and well-digested mastery of facts, and by lucidity of exposition. As regards the last characteristic, the chapter on the Schleswig-Holstein

question is unexcelled. Besides, the arrangement of the matter is as admirable as in the former volume.

The only serious criticism which suggests itself is the inclusion of the chapters on the internal history of the various European states since about 1870. These years are far too close to give us the proper perspective for even a narrative history; much more are they too near for a work which aims rather to explain than to record facts, since the great problems are scarcely defined, and only dimly perceived. These chapters, from their necessarily perfunctory character, are a detriment to the work.

There are a number of trifling errors in the book which seem to be due to careless proof-reading, and as such they need not be enumerated. One thing must, however, be pointed out. Professor Andrews calls Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* "a great political crime," and a few lines farther on he says: "Louis Napoleon was no more guilty of a crime than were the revolutionists who had overthrown a lawful government and proclaimed instead a system and a franchise which France did not want and to which she never gave her consent. Louis Napoleon, a man of conviction, though of mediocre ability, was as sincere as were the republicans of 1848." These two statements are not necessarily contradictory, but if we admit both to be true it would necessitate so abrupt a change of standpoint from the historical to the biographical as to seriously impair the intelligibility of Professor Andrews's opinions.

"Elizabeth, Empress of Austria: A Memoir"

By A. de Burgh. J. B. Lippincott Co.

ONLY a few months ago there was published a biography of the murdered Empress Elizabeth of Austria, purporting to be the work of one of her very few intimate friends and constant companions, although its inaccuracies on the one hand, and its recital, on the other, of events of which the author, even if she was what she claims to have been, could have no knowledge, would rather seem to point to a mystification of the "Englishman in Paris" variety, though on a less ambitious and historically less important scale. Certain it is that what she tells has long been current gossip in the capitals of Europe—especially in Vienna and Munich—together with much that she does not tell, but denies by implication. But, whatever the truth of the matter, the book furnishes interesting reading for many, and is not entirely unworthy of being a tribute to the memory of the martyred woman to whom the greatness of this earth brought a cross, not a crown, and whose dastardly murder brought all the world to mourn for a moment at her bier.

And now we have a second book on the same subject. It is less pretentious in the matter of its authorship; it does not claim to reveal secrets carefully hidden, or to correct with the authority of personal knowledge the gossip of the drawing-rooms of continental Europe. It is simply a compilation of information easily obtainable, intermingled with the polite fiction of official circles in monarchical countries, and of the somewhat sycophantic reports of the doings of royalty in their press. This is all the author, A. de Burgh, claims for her book, though her evidently slight knowledge of life at the Austrian court has hampered her somewhat in what she felt to be her duty, namely, "to sift thoroughly the material collected from various quarters, and to select only such parts as I could myself believe to be authentic."

The book is all the better for the absence of the court scandal wherewith the Hofburg has so richly supplied the world for the last fifty years or so. It deals simply with its subject—a regal, sad, and lonely

figure wandering through Europe in quest of forgetfulness, and of relief from pain. It considers the Empress as sovereign, woman, philanthropist, friend, and reader; as architect, sportswoman, and traveller, as the descendant of a stricken race, and as mother and martyr; and in all its many subdivisions it expresses a hearty admiration, a sincere love, for the author "had the happiness of meeting the illustrious lady," and had the "privilege of knowing some of those who were in her *entourage*, and who, from time to time, have given me news, anecdotes, and reminiscences of the woman they loved with all their heart and soul."

The book is well equipped with portraits and illustrations—among them a very curious "snap-shot" of the Emperor and Empress walking together, taken shortly before her assassination.

"A History of Japanese Literature"

By W. G. Aston, C.M.G., D.Lit. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; London: W. Heinemann.

OUR interest in the literature of Japan is, and is likely to remain, wholly due to curiosity as to the society which has produced it. Its form and spirit resist translation; its contents hardly bear analysis. But the ancient classical literature opens up to us the court life of old Japan with its *fainéant* monarchs, its ambitious Buddhist clergy, its idle courtiers, and its literary ladies; and the popular literature of the nineteenth century gives an insight into the heart of modern Japan such as can be gained from no other source. Mr. Aston's short history, however, covers the whole of the long period from the sixth century to the present day, and it suffers the usual fate of attempts at compression, when undertaken without the guidance of a leading idea. He prefers to give many translated extracts rather than "a record of personal impressions and opinions, the outcome of rough pioneer work, and having little claim to be considered as mature literary criticism." But, endeavoring to notice and give translations from too many books, his extracts are, as a rule, too brief; and his work, in places, reads too much like a catalogue. Little is added to our knowledge of imperial, or feudal, or modern Japan. With few exceptions, the more important works quoted by him have already been brought within the reach of the reader of English; and, excepting some lively passages from the "Makura Zoshi" of Lei Shonagon and the "Tsure-dzure-gusa" of Kenko, there is little in the volume which, in an English dress, may not have already met the reader's eye. On the whole, Mr. Aston has produced a book of reference, instead of the brilliant and informing monograph which, in view of his long residence in Japan, his acquaintance with scholars such as Satow and Chamberlain, and his many opportunities of obtaining that native aid which it is the fashion neither to acknowledge nor pay for, we had a right to expect from him. Some curious errors have escaped the proof-reader and are likely to puzzle the reader. In an account of a hermit's hut we have the following: "The walls are of mud . . . The joints are fastened with rings and staples, for the greater convenience of removal elsewhere." For "mud" read wood, or planks. Again, after referring to the lachrymose hero of a modern Japanese novel, the author says: "Our weary reader left him at this point, wiping his streaming eyes with a borrowed pocket-handkerchief, and complaining that he had now nobody to wash his own dirty ones for him." Here, it is not at once apparent that the hero comes again in view, and that it is not the "weary reader" that has been so affected by the pathos of the narrative.

"Speculum Gy de Warewyke"

An Early English Poem. Edited by G. L. Morrill, A.M., Ph.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

SOMEWHERE about 1300, in Midland, England, a priest bethought him of the consecrated life and, looking round for a subject, selected the wonderful theme of Guy of Warwick, a choice hero of early England, for his octosyllabic poem—a spiritualized Guy, however, well indoctrinated in the theology of the day. The secular Guy of Warwick romances, as shown by Zupitza in his remarkable edition, had been among the most abundant and fascinating of the early English middle ages; delightful food for the fancy of many a poet. What more natural than that this Guy, after his marvellous round of adventure, should, like Faust, have a Part Second to his career—should in deep remorse expiate his offences against God, and fall in with a benevolent friar able to teach him the discrimination between good and evil?

This is the theme of the remarkable work before us. The old monks who could "illumine a martyrology or curse a crucifix" are here rivalled by a woman who with extensive learning combines indefatigable patience, and who overlays a poem of forty or fifty pages with nearly two hundred of commentary. Nor is Dr. Morrill a dry exegete. Enthusiasm glows on every page, and a strenuous personality is apparent between the lines. Urged by the lamented Zupitza (to whom the volume is partly dedicated), she took up the Auchinleck MS. of the "Speculum," once belonging to the father of Johnson's celebrated Boswell, and collated it carefully with six other MSS. This was in 1896. Interruptions occurred to prevent the completion of the work; but now it appears with the magic *sesame* of the Early English Text Society's seal set on it. It is a rare honor for a woman to be selected to edit one of this Society's texts, but Miss Morrill shows she has well deserved the honor. No German monograph could be more minute and painstaking in its analysis, methods, and results. Every possible question connected with the Warwick romances is taken up and exhaustively discussed: saga, metrics, phonology, dialects, inflections, come in for a goodly number of pages; and while one cannot agree with Miss Morrill's odd view (page cxlvii.), that alliteration in old English verse represented "a form of consonantal rhyme," there is abundant occasion to agree with the views of an evidently ripe scholar on other subjects. She is as much to be congratulated on her success as Miss M. Carey Thomas (now President of Bryn Mawr) was on her "Sir Gawayne," in 1883.

Oriental Science

1. *The Satapatha-Brāhmaṇa. Part IV. Translated by J. Eggeling. Oxford: Henry Froude.* 2. *Marvels of Zoroastrianism: Pahlavi Texts. Part V. Translated by E. W. West. Oxford: Henry Froude.*

AMONG other useful contributions to Oriental science, Max Müller has done real service by establishing the series published under the title of "Sacred Books of the East," a series which consists of translations from Oriental scriptures, the renderings being made by various scholars under his editorial supervision. In referring to a special branch of literature connected with the ancient Vedas, this authority once wrote: "The Brāhmaṇas represent no doubt a most interesting phase of the history of the Indian mind, but, judged by themselves, as

literary productions they are disappointing. . . . These works deserve to be studied as the physician studies the twaddle of idiots and the raving of madmen." Yet in spite of this adverse estimate the editor has very properly recognized the great importance of the Brâhmanas as a part of his series, and one of the most recent volumes (1) to appear in the set is a continuation of a translation from the best-known Brâhmana, or priestly discourse, known as the "Satapatha." This is an ancient work which discusses the ritualistic ceremonies and elucidates the bearing of the sacrifice in more than a "hundred ways" (*sata* "hundred," *patha* "path"). The translator, Eggeling of Edinburgh, is one of the best authorities on the subject, and the present volume is devoted to that part of the ritual which relates to the sacred fire-altar and its construction. The work is welcome to the scholar for the light which it sheds on a phase of Indian antiquity.

The second volume (2) under consideration is a translation from a Middle Persian text that belongs to about the date A.D. 900, and the version is made by West, the foremost living authority in the language known as Pahlavi. The work is of interest and importance because it contains many legends regarding the life of Zoroaster, the prophet of ancient Iran. In their character, some of the stories seem to remind one of the legendary accounts regarding the life of Christ that we find in the Apocryphal New Testament. In the Introduction, Dr. West lends additional weight for believing in tradition and placing the date of Zoroaster at about B.C. 660-573, or before the Jews were carried up into captivity in Babylon and before Buddha preached on the banks of the Ganges.

"The Story of the Rough Riders: The Regiment in Camp and in the Battlefield"

By Edward Marshall. G. W. Dillingham Co.

MR. MARSHALL, though not a soldier, is one of the heroes of our war. In the discharge of his duty, as arduous and dangerous as that of the men whose heroism he so well describes, he received a wound that won for him the sympathy of thousands. The medal of the Rough Riders—who will ever think of them as the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry?—given to him but a short time ago by Governor Roosevelt is but a just tribute to the valor and devotion to duty of this typical American newspaper man.

This book is a complete record of the military manœuvres of the war in Cuba; no history of the Rough Riders can fall short of that measure and be complete. But it is rather the personal element of the narrative that gives it its value. It deals with incidents that the historian will not consider worth chronicling—the bits of reminiscence that in the years to come the survivors will talk over with each other, and that, more than even the glorious charge up San Juan Hill itself, will form the romance of those short but arduous days. The charge itself is described with spirit; it has "go" in it, even though the men toiled upward slowly and painfully, under a broiling sun and a galling fire. And the account of casualties is one long record of uncomplaining fortitude.

The author takes no trouble to hide his opinion of General Shafter, and he speaks his mind freely on the mismanagement of the landing of the troops and their equipments. He does not complain of the now infamous canned roast beef; the Rough Riders' great difficulty was rather that they had nothing to eat at all.

This book introduces the reader to many of the typical members of the regiment, from the West, the Southwest, and the East, and contains the roster of the organization from the muster-out rolls in the War Department. It will in no way conflict with Governor Roosevelt's coming own history of the Rough Riders, but will rather furnish a very welcome supplement to it. For we have here some very vivid sketches of that remarkable American, which we surely shall not find in his own account of an episode in history of which he was *magna—*and, indeed, *maxima—pars.*

"The History of Mankind"

Vol. III. By Professor F. Ratzel. Translated by A. J. Butler. The Macmillan Co.

WITH the third volume concludes the publication of the translation of Ratzel's "The History of Mankind." While we do not believe in the extremes to which the author goes in his theories of the communication of customs and faith, nevertheless we willingly acknowledge the opulence of Professor Ratzel's array of data, and the fine style in which the publishers have put forth the English translation. We have already given much space to the first and second volumes in turn as they appeared. This last volume is concerned chiefly with a description of the cultured races of the old world.

It is obvious to anyone acquainted with the subject that a work like this of Ratzel's which aims to cover the entire field of anthropology could treat the culture of the so-called barbarous and semi-barbarous together with the civilized races of the old world in naught but the merest outline. Therefore it would be unfair to criticise the inadequacy of this feature of the work. Touching ancient civilization, and even progress, in Egypt and in Western Asia it is rather soon to publish much. Perhaps Ratzel would have done better to pass in silence over the ancient culture of Egypt, as he has that of Babylonia. When we read his pages upon Islam we are disappointed if we expected to find an estimate of the literary and aesthetic development within the confines of the region of the Q'ran. Also, Abyssinia calls, not perhaps for a fuller, but, surely, for a more comprehensive account of her culture. Here Professor Ratzel's loan theory would have been fine, for Abyssinia has borrowed from Egypt, from Jerusalem, and from the Eastern Empire, to mention nothing of the influence of Nubia and the negro tribes upon the south and west. Abyssinia has borrowed from everyone she could, and appears to have loaned nothing at all. Her literary and religious cultures are unique, and they call for distinct, if not elaborate, treatment.

We do not permit ourselves to expect in this comprehensive compend an adequate account of the Ainos. In fine, to describe the character of this large work in a word, it is not digested. Many data are assembled—and they give the work an incontestable value—but they are put together without assimilation, interpretation, and a due perception of their relative value.

"The Miracles of Antichrist"

Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline B. Flack. Little, Brown, & Co.

"THE MIRACLES OF ANTICHRIST," Selma Lagerlöf's second story to be translated into English, is a far better, because a much more coherent,

piece of work than "Gösta Berling," in which imagination ran wild. But the author still persists in introducing much extraneous matter into her narrative—episodes that delay the action, already not too closely knit, such as that of the brigand grown old and mad and nerveless, and the many legends of Sicily. Yet all this foreign matter contributes to the filling of the canvas, the completion of the picture. The method is, however, too complicated to be recommended to others, whatever may be the success of its inventor.

This story is an allegory, the Antichrist being socialism, whose king-dom is of this world, who goes from land to land to give bread to the poor, and who wins many followers. A Sicilian legend prophesies the blessings of Antichrist on earth, and Signorelli painted his miracles in the cathedral of Ovieto. According to this artist, he is to make the world so beautiful that mankind will forget heaven; and then the Evil One will come and whisper in his ear, and the world will face its most terrible temptation. It may cease to look forward to that other kingdom, which is not of this world.

The idea of this book, it will be seen, is ingenious, and it is well worked out. The image-cutter, who in his youth dreams of the old martyrdoms of his Church, becomes a socialistic agitator, and is put in prison. But the connection between the story and its text is rather intermittent, and it is the many detached pictures that please us best. It is most interesting, by the way, to compare this book with Zola's "Rome," so far as it is concerned with the work in whose defence the Abbé Froment had come to the Eternal City. Selma Lagerlöf is a writer of striking originality, yet with a gift of minute observation. Her pictures of life in Sicily, and of the religious life of the people, with its unconscious mixture of classical paganism and Roman Christianity, are strikingly vivid.

Publications Received

Biography and History

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| Brandes, George. <i>Critical Studies of Henrik Ibsen and Bjornstjerne Bjornson.</i> | \$2.50. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Carlyle, Thomas. <i>Life of Friedrich Schiller.</i> | \$1.25. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Guerber, H. A. <i>The Story of the Great Republic.</i> | 65c. | American Book Co. |
| Hart, Albert Bushnell. <i>Source-Book of American History.</i> | 60c. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Krause, Alexis. <i>Russia in Asia (1558-1890).</i> | 94. | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Lee, Sidney. <i>Dictionary National Biography.</i> Vol. LIX. | \$3.75. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Lewes, Geo. Henry. <i>Life of Maximilien Robespierre.</i> | \$1.50. | Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| McCrady, Edw. <i>The History of South Carolina (1710-1776).</i> | \$3.50. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Tiernan, Chas. B. <i>The Tiernan Family in Maryland.</i> | 91. | Gallery & McCann. |
| Waddington, Richard. <i>La Guerre des Sept Ans.</i> | | Firmin-Didot et Cie. (Paris). |
| Wetmore, Helen Cody. <i>Last of the Great Scouts.</i> | | Duluth Press Pub. Co. |
| Whitman, Sidney. <i>Reminiscences of the King of Roumania.</i> | 93. | Harper & Bros. |

Fiction

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| Alien. <i>The Untold Half.</i> | \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Barr, Robert. <i>The Strong Arm.</i> | \$1.25. | F. A. Stokes Co. |
| Beale, Mrs. St. Justin. <i>San Juan.</i> | | F. Tennyson Neely. |
| Becke, Louis. <i>Ridan, the Devil.</i> | \$1.50. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Bellamy, Edw. <i>Equality.</i> | 50c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Bennett, E. A. <i>A Man from the North.</i> | \$1.25. | John Lane. |
| Briscoe, Margaret S. <i>The Sixth Sense.</i> | \$1.25. | Harper & Bros. |
| Brontë, Novels of the Sisters. <i>Agnes Grey.</i> | 92. | Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Brown, Anna Robeson. <i>A Cosmopolitan Comedy.</i> | \$1. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Buchanan, John. <i>A Lost Lady of Old Years.</i> | \$1.50. | John Lane. |
| Capes, Bernard. <i>At a Winter's Fire.</i> | \$1.25. | Doubleday & McClure Co. |
| Carruth, Hayden. <i>Mr. Milo Bush and Other Worthies.</i> | \$1. | Harper & Bros. |
| Curtis, David A. <i>Queer Luck.</i> | 91. | Brentano's. |
| Dowson, E., and Moore, A. <i>Adrian Rome.</i> | \$1.25. | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Eliot, George. <i>Silas Marner.</i> | 25c. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. <i>The Custom of the Country (New Japan).</i> | \$1.50. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Gale, Norman. <i>A June Romance.</i> | 75c. | H. S. Stone & Co. |
| Gallion, T. <i>The Kingdom of Hate.</i> | 91. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Gaunt, Mary. <i>Deadman's.</i> | \$1.50. | New Amsterdam Book Co. |
| Gilbert, H. M. <i>Of Necessity.</i> | \$1.25. | John Lane. |
| Gould, S. Baring. <i>Pabo, the Priest.</i> | 50c. | F. A. Stokes Co. |

Green, Anna Katharine. *Agatha Webb*. \$1.25.
 Harland, Marion. *When Grandmamma was New*.
 Huntley, Stanley. *Spoonendyke Sketches*. 25c.
 Marchmont, A. W. *A Dash for a Throne*. \$1.25.
 Morris, Clara. *A Silent Singer*. \$1.25.
 Munro, Kirk. *Shine Terrill*. \$1.25.
 Murray, David Christie. *A Rogue's Conscience*. 50c.
 Pansy. *Yesterday Framed in To-day*. \$1.50.
 Pinkerton, Thomas. *Sun Beetles*. \$1.25.
 Powers, Wm. Dudley. *Uncle Isaac*.
 Roberts, Evelyn Harvey. *The Pure Causeway*. 50c.
 Rook, Clarence. *The Hooligan Nights*. \$1.25.
 Russell, W. Clark. *Captain Jackman*. \$1.
 Sawyer, Edith A. *Mary Cameron*.
 Scott, Walter. *The Betrothed*. 80c.
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